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SIR Edward Grey's evasive note in the Baralong case has raised feeling to a high pitch in Germany, and the dispatches hint at horrible forms of reprisal. At the time of this writing no announcement has been made as to what Germany intends to do in order to wreak vengeance, but it will undoubtedly be an extreme act which will in turn provoke the British to retaliate. When two warring powers go in for reprisals there is no point at which they can be expected to stop. What the American government ought to consider is whether something cannot be done to bring this vicious competition to an end. American interests are directly affected. The whole blockade-submarine-war zone tangle was woven originally around a doctrine of reprisal, a doctrine which means that crime must be committed in order to avenge crime. There are hints from Berlin that Germany may use the Baralong case as a sufficient pretext to renew in its most barbarous form the submarine war against commerce. In short, a spirit of ruthless retaliation may be unloosed which in one way or another will endanger the interests of all neutrals and particularly those of the United States. It is a situation which has in it endless possibilities of evil. We earnestly hope that the President will take a hand in the business and see whether something cannot be done to prevent the spirit of retaliation from becoming inflamed as a result of this incident. Mr. Wilson has two paths before him: to let matters drift until reprisals and counter-reprisals have resulted in the injury of American citizens and the destruction of American property, and the belligerents are in a state of mind where nothing can be done with them; or to insist that the essential rights of neutrals are involved, and that the United States should be afforded an opportunity of investigating the merits of the controversy and proposing some plan of adjustment.

PRECEDENTS established by the administration's policy with respect to Mexico make it difficult for the President to deal with the existing crisis. He has been anxious to avoid armed intervention and to make American interference in Mexican affairs that of a friendly neighbor. But in carrying out this policy he has failed to understand that it would be aided rather than injured by a resolute method of dealing with disorder on or near the border. He has really encouraged Mexicans to believe that no matter what they did short of actually shooting at American citizens on American territory they were safe from molestation, and he has made border Americans fear that he was more interested in protecting Mexicans from interference than he was in safeguarding American life and property. There has been for years a condition of irritation and exasperation along the border which naturally became inflamed on the occasion of the recent massacre. Mr. Wilson should recognize the reality of the exasperation. His method of dealing with these border disturbances is the greatest hindrance and threat to the success of his general Mexican policy. The best service he can do to the cause of Mexican reconstruction is to make it understood on both sides of the border that the administration will not continue to allow anarchy

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to prevail in Mexican states adjoining the territory of this country.

CARRANZA should be given to understand that the murder of eighteen Americans not far from the border has modified the attitude of this country towards his government. He will be tested by his ability to punish the real assassins and to prevent the repetition of such offences, and the penalty for failure should not be the withdrawal of American recognition, but the assumption by the United States of the work of restoring order in the part of Mexico adjacent to this country. Carranza must realize that he is confronted by an unescapable alternative. If he does not or cannot do the work it will not be left undone; it will be done without his consent. In the end it probably will have to be done without his consent, since for him to undertake it would be to strain the resources of the Carranza government and compromise the more profitable work of reconstructing the populous states to the south. The former task will be accomplished, if at all, only after prolonged delay and wholly unnecessary bloodshed. The Carranza government should be glad to turn it over to the American army, but if it is unwilling its refusal should not prevent the American government from acting. The United States should intervene only for the purpose of policing certain border states, and under promise to withdraw as soon as the existing anarchy is stamped out. Difficult and costly as the job would be, it would be more difficult and costly for Carranza than for the government of this country, because the disorderly area is more readily approached from the north than from the south. Its swift and thorough accomplishment is necessary for the peace of the border, for the security of American citizens, and in all probability for the recuperation and ultimate independence of the Mexican nation.

THE proverbial ingratitude of republics receives poignant exemplification in the explosion at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on January 15th. Of the fourteen persons who were killed or injured while repairing the E-2, nine were civilians. As the workmen's compensation law covering federal employees provides for neither medical care nor funeral expenses, these necessary outlays must be met by the injured men themselves, by their dependents, or by charity. Moreover, the maximum compensation is one year's wages, so that the widows and totally disabled workmen face the prospect of dependence on the community at the expiration of that period. As the wages of certain of the victims were only two dollars a day, it is probable that in some cases widows will receive no more than six or seven hundred dollars for the loss of a husband. Such niggardly compensation can be duplicated under none of our state laws, and has earned for the federal statute of 1908 the title, "the worst compensation act in the world." It is high time that the House Judiciary Committee report out the Kern-McGillicuddy measure, drafted three long years ago by the American Association for Labor Legislation. The enactment of this bill would place the United States abreast of other enlightened nations in consideration for civilians killed or injured in its service.

WHEN Mr. Wilson wrote the Palmer letter, in February, 1913, he did not foresee that President Wilson could ever consider making such an appointment as that of Mr. Joseph Johnson to succeed Mr. Morgan as Postmaster of New York. "It is intolerable," Mr. Wilson said in that letter, "that any President should be permitted to determine who should succeed him—himself or another—by patronage or coercion, or by any sort of control of the machinery by which delegates to the nominating convention are chosen." Mr. Johnson's appointment, if the President really makes it, will be exactly such an attempt to better his chances of a second term by the use of patronage. That will be the real motive, the motive but for whose controlling power the appointment would never even have been considered. Any other explanation which may come from the White House will be an afterthought, a piece of window-dressing, a futile attempt to deceive the public, a bit of self-deception perhaps not so futile. If absolute candor were our national habit in public life President Wilson would say: "I am going to appoint Mr. Johnson because I want Tammany to help me to renomination and reëlection. I regard this help as more important than good administration of the New York post-office." Of course the public would hate such candor. Of course the public would call the President a shocking cynic. But if cynical candor were the inviolable rule, appointments like Mr. Johnson's would never be made.

MR. WILSON'S enemies are so bitter and vindictive that their intemperate hostilities will certainly react in the President's favor. In their eyes even his achievements become malignant sins. Recently he succeeded in obtaining from Germany a practically complete acknowledgment that the use of the submarine as a commerce destroyer afforded no excuse for a modification of the law of visit and search; and since the acknowledgment there has been a cessation of illegal and murderous submarine activity in the Mediterranean. If the President had not succeeded in obtaining these results he would have been flayed for the supineness of

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his diplomacy and for his inability to make the Central Powers respect the lives of non-combatants, yet his success constitutes a worse crime than his failure would have done. He has allowed himself to be entrapped by the wily Germans into an agreement the result of which will certainly be to embroil the relations between the United States and Great Britain. Now that the outstanding account with Germany has been practically settled, the American government will have no excuse but to press its grievances against the British maritime policy. Considering the existing temper of Congress and the irritability of British public opinion, emphatic reiteration of these grievances may provoke a dangerous quarrel. Thus Mr. Wilson's diplomacy will have the result of keeping American relations cordial with the Powers that represent a policy of aggressive militarism, while at the same time it has nourished an explosive controversy with the Powers that are fighting for human liberty.

CRITICISMS such as the foregoing need not be feared by the President, because, apart from being prompted by a manifest anti-Wilson obsession, they are based upon an unpopular and vicious assumption. This particular condemnation could have been avoided only by using any grievances of the United States against Germany as pretexts for going to war with the Central Powers. It is the outcry of men who are dissatisfied because Mr. Wilson's diplomacy has been pacific. Their pretended fear that the man who has sought so earnestly to keep the country out of war with Germany will do something to get us into war or even into serious trouble with the Allies is ridiculous. Mr. Wilson is just as likely to embroil us in war with Great Britain as he is to embroil the rest of the country in a war with the state of Virginia. Inasmuch as the policy of the United States is that of a neutral he must assert the rights of American citizens against their violation by all belligerents, but he is free to select his own methods of assertion. And however much individual Congressmen may talk for the benefit of their constituents, Congress as a whole will have neither the inclination nor the gumption to actively interfere. The country is satisfied with its present position of being the legal accomplice of the Allied Powers. If the German Foreign Office expects that the government which did not go to war over the Lusitania will do anything more than make a verbal protest against the British embargo it has been betrayed into a serious error. Any attempt on its part to bring pressure to bear on the American government to insist more vigorously on the rights of American citizens under international law could be met by a hint to mind its own business.

WHATEVER motives and expectations the Germans may have had in reaching an agreement with the United States, their compliance will not alter American policy in respect to Great Britain. Our government will not consent to the abatement of the rights of American citizens under the law of nations; but on the other hand, even if British maritime policy continues to be illegal, even if it becomes more drastic and costly, we shall do nothing to enforce those rights except to keep an unequivocal declaration in their favor on the written record. Such a course may seem weak and ineffective. It would be weak and ineffective against any Power except Great Britain, but we should pay Great Britain the compliment of using only civilized weapons against her. Mr. Wilson's use of verbal weapons in carrying on a controversy, doubtful as it may be in the case of other nations, is precisely adapted to the relationship existing between the United States and the United Kingdom. The two countries have many differences of interest and opinion, but the notion of making them an excuse for war is inconceivable. If Americans have a grievance against Great Britain they do not propose to go to war about it any more than they propose to go to war about British indifference to neutral obligations during the Civil War. They are content to declare their grievances and to rest assured that if their case is good the British nation will eventually recognize its validity. When the war is over all the fundamental questions relating to maritime belligerency will come up for reconsideration, not only between the British and American governments but at an international conference. Our differences can be fought out with Great Britain at that time, and under conditions which will permit the most thoroughgoing discussion of the proper functions of sea power in a community of nations, and the desirable limits of its exercise. They will not be fought out any sooner nor in any other way.

SUNDAY, January twenty-third, is child-labor day, an anniversary on which we remind ourselves that the great tragedy of childhood destroyed continues in the United States. Child labor is not the only evil of our callousness and apathy and greed, but it is by all odds the most obviously horrible. It is one evil which no decent person would dare to defend in public. Yet it survives with only slight modification to haunt us and mock us, to make our boasts sound silly and our complacency odious. For child labor is no visitation of nature. It is not an earthquake or a plague against which men can do nothing but meet on a Sunday and utter lamentations. It is something that can be remedied if only there is the will and intelligence to do it. The intelligence exists in the form of the National Child

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Labor Committee under the leadership of Mr. Owen R. Lovejoy. The program of action exists, and it is a moderate enough program:

1. 14-year limit for common gainful occupations
2. 14-year limit for boys, 18-year limit for girls in street trades
3. 16-year limit for dangerous occupations
4. 21-year limit for night messengers
5. 8-hour day under 16
6. Prohibition of night work under 16
7. Requirement of work-permits under 16 based on documentary proof of age, completion of 6th grade, physical fitness.

But the will to enact and enforce this program has yet to make itself felt.

THE recuperative power of the Russian armies is amazing, and as the war continues German fear of the Slav peril becomes more and more comprehensible. Last summer no one expected a Russian offensive until the spring, and few expected it then; but already General Ivanoff has launched a general attack on the Austrian lines, and now the Grand Duke Nicholas is advancing along the whole length of the Caucasus front, not to mention the campaign in Persia. In all likelihood the object of the Caucasus movement is to prevent the reinforcement of the Mesopotamian army from the north, and a retreat of "several kilometers" reported from Constantinople proves that the Russians have found a weak point in the Turkish lines in the Arasa River zone. One wonders where the Russian soldiers come from, but above all one admires the Russian spirit. Few people doubt now that the battle of the Marne was won by a Russian sacrifice at Tannenberg, and to-day, in order to try to save Townshend's ridiculously inferior force at Kut on the Tigris, the Grand Duke drives on through mountain snowdrifts, and sacrifices his mujiks in the roadless fastnesses of the Caucasus. No money, no loans, can ever pay the debt which France, England and Italy owe to Russia. It has become a common thing in this country to laugh at the Russian "steam-roller," but they are not laughing in Berlin.

SOME of the Englishmen who lecture in the United States are interesting because of what they have to say, others because of what they are, others for both reasons, others for neither. Nobody who has read Mr. Masefield's little book on Shakespeare expects ideas from him. He will draw large audiences because he is John Masefield, because he has made narrative in verse live again for thousands of readers. He has painted the sea in its terribleness and beauty, and the kind of Englishmen whom the sea has been calling for hundreds of years. He has revealed himself as almost equally a lover of the English countryside and of the rough words he hears there, as a shy, gentle, meditative, unthinking man, hating cruelty, liking a good fight and quite willing to do his share of the fighting. The best war poem published in English since the great war began is his "August, 1914." For no other living poet do so many American readers feel such a personal affection.

Our Relations With Great Britain

BRITISH discontent with the war policy of the American government has received a considerate and good-tempered expression in the *Round Table*. The American government is criticized for having protested against the British embargo and for having insisted on the letter of our neutral rights to trade with Germany and with other neutrals. We have, according to our critic, missed an opportunity of lending American moral and material support to a group of belligerents who are fighting for the security of political ideals essentially democratic and unmistakably American. Without actually going to war with Germany we could have refused to assert the neutral rights which were a source of embarrassment to Great Britain in her blockade of German commerce, and consented to the suppression of trade with Germany and her neutral neighbors. By so doing we would have removed from American neutrality the taint and stigma of a merely selfish and irresponsible nationalism.

THE NEW REPUBLIC agrees with part of this criticism of American policy. The government and the dominant element in public opinion have ignored international interests of vital importance to the American nation. Germany should have been given to understand from the start that by involving an innocent and inoffensive people like the Belgians in the ruin of the war she had made neutral indifference abhorrent to right-minded men. In order to give expression to that abhorrence without going to war, the United States might have declared an embargo on all American trade with Germany, direct or indirect, until Belgium was evacuated and the Belgians indemnified. Such a method of increasing the penalties incurred by any Power which commits an international outrage is justifiable, and in this particular case would have been highly effective. But the opportunity to adopt it was neglected, and while the failure is much to be regretted, it is partly excused by a time-honored and precious national tradition of non-interference in European politics.

What the *Round Table* wants the American gov-

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ernment to do is to accept as British policy an embargo on trade with Germany which was not adopted as American policy. But approval of an embargo as a matter of voluntary choice does not involve approval in case the same losses and sacrifices are imposed without American consent. The Orders in Council, precisely because they ignored "judicial niceties" and rewrote the law of nations without consultation with the victims of the embargo, raised a wholly different series of questions, the answers to which are not involved by any antecedent condemnation of German military aggression.

The declaration of a voluntary embargo against Germany by the United States would have created a wholly desirable precedent in public law. It would have increased the authority of international agreements and the security of small nations. An embargo illegally forced on the United States by Great Britain creates, on the contrary, a dubious and perhaps a dangerous precedent. In the former case we should have been renouncing the benefits of trade with Germany under special conditions and for an unequivocally good purpose. In the latter case American consent would involve the renunciation of a right to any trade with a belligerent or with the neutral neighbor of a belligerent which did not happen to control the sea, no matter how little American public opinion might approve the purposes for which the sea-power was fighting. A self-imposed embargo would have incurred only a limited liability and would have helped a little to bring about a genuine community of nations, but a forced embargo would have meant acquiescence in an unlimited aggrandizement of "nationalistic navalism," which unless it was subsequently subjected to international control would make a community of nations impossible.

In its policy of embargo the British government is treating the American government in the same way that early in the war it treated its own labor unions. It asked the trades unionists to surrender rights to control their conditions of work which had been conquered only after a century of struggle and suffering, and this demand was made without pretense of any effective guarantee that the rights so surrendered would be restored or that the increased power obtained by the employers over their employees would not be used for the permanent disadvantage of organized labor. Did not the British government in both cases impose on the support of its friends a dangerously and unnecessarily severe strain? Has the domestic and foreign policy of Great Britain in the past been sufficiently impeccable and disinterested to entitle her to a vote of unlimited confidence? Can neutrals be asked to consent to an absolute dictatorship of the sea without any preliminary agreement as to the purposes for which the power shall be exercised?

In the case of the existing war the power may be exercised for purposes of which American public opinion would not approve. A moral condemnation of Germany in respect to the origin of the war and its conduct during the first few weeks does not imply moral approval of the Allies all along the line. Because Germany brought on the war and violated Belgium we are reproached for not lending our assistance to a group of belligerents who are laboring to plant Russia in Constantinople and Italy on the Dalmatian coast, and whose spokesmen are proposing to use a victory over Germany in a vindictive manner that would make impossible the organization of any properly balanced international system. Much of the English criticism of the American policy implies that aggressively selfish nationalism is confined to the Central Powers, that negatively selfish nationalism is the special prerogative of the neutrals, while the Allies are representing purely disinterested internationalism. Englishmen may need to think in this way during the war, but if they have any sense of humor left they ought not to expect other people to do so. It is not a fight between the angels of light and the imps of darkness, with a few insignificant, scared and fascinated spectators in gray squatting on the bleachers. All the fighters and all the spectators are painted various shades of gray, and no matter how civilized the cause for which they began the fight, the belligerents are becoming so obsessed by their enemy that they are in danger of ruining the civilization in the name of which they are slaying and bleeding.

Although the American nation has missed the opportunity of striking a most effective blow on behalf of an international community, its official behavior does not deserve the condemnation which it receives from hyphenated Anglo and Franco-Americans. The neutral rights under international law for which it has been contending have two divergent aspects. They confer a license on irresponsible neutrality; but they place a curb on a dangerous and irresponsible belligerency. In so far as one belligerent is fighting for a better cause than his opponent, neutral non-interference, irresponsibility and readiness to trade with both belligerents may, in the case of a powerful and comparatively secure nation like the United States, be fairly condemned as a negatively selfish nationalism. But some wars involve no clear moral issue and are fought by belligerents between whom there is little to choose. International law has been built up to meet the second rather than the first of these situations. It has tended to make an irresponsible neutrality profitable, because by so doing belligerency might be

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made unprofitable and the area reduced of damage done to innocent and inoffensive non-combatants.

The second aspect of international law is the more fundamental. It is in part a shelter constructed by neutrals to protect them from the savage and ruthless storm of war. Before it is abandoned and neutrals admit an obligation to give new meaning to neutrality, they should be perfectly sure that a wholly new meaning has been attached to belligerency. The existing fabric of public law is the result of several centuries of international aspiration. Its actual value may be slight but its symbolic value is enormous. It embodies the effort of nations which are not using war as an agent of national policy, to impose on belligerents some measure of international control. Neutrals are justified in contending that the protection, flimsy as it is, shall not be taken away until the foundations are laid for a safer and more hospitable shelter. They are justified in insisting that they shall not abandon the advantages of neutrality until the plans of the new community of nations, against which all belligerency will constitute rebellion, are sketched and approved.

Issues of enormous importance for both countries are involved in this controversy between Great Britain and the United States. Their geographical location, their industrial resources and their political responsibility establish them as the two most powerful maritime nations. If they reach an understanding their joint fleets will exercise an unquestionable control of the seas, and could be fashioned into an effective instrument of the police power which any genuine community of nations must possess. If they do not reach an understanding they may be forced into the ruinous expense and suicidal folly of a competition in naval armament. The first alternative is preferable to the second. The attainment of a frank and full understanding with Great Britain should become the fundamental object of American foreign policy. In spite of the domestic political obstacles the inexorable logic of facts will steadily push us in that direction. But advantageous as the coöperation would be, the United States cannot afford to surrender its policy of neutral isolation until some acceptable plan of common action is formulated and accepted. We could not participate in an alliance which would make of us an automatic accomplice to an international feud. If Great Britain consented to a policy at the end of the war which tended to convert the Quadruple Entente into a permanent conspiracy against the Central Powers, the United States would prefer a policy of armed isolation to one of political association with any European Power. We must wait and see. In the meantime the rights of American citizens under international law are the proper symbol and attribute of an independent political status. They cannot be surrendered until Americans have some assurance that they are to be exchanged for something better.

Poltroons and Pacifists

OF all sneers none is so carelessly thrown as the charge of cowardice. To call a man a coward is almost to obliterate him from discussion. The man who uses the term always implies that he himself, of course, is a brave man. He acquires at once a kind of moral superiority, and puts his opponent on the defensive. Caution and reason thus become positive vices, every honest doubt is made the mark of a timid soul. Those who want twenty dreadnoughts regard as cowards those who want ten; the advocates of forty dreadnoughts look with scorn upon the advocates of twenty. Men who wish to prepare against one possible enemy are cowards in the eyes of those who wish to prepare against two possible enemies. The proposers of a much larger army are tinged with yellow in the eyes of the conscriptionists. In America we are fast getting into the frame of mind where the scale of courage is measured by what the wildest jingo proposes as the correct method of licking creation.

Since all men resent being known as cowards, the jingo has an enormous advantage in any argument. He bullies men into agreeing with him by playing on their fear of appearing to be cowardly. He hammers upon moral cowardice in order to drive people into an attitude of rhetorical bravery. It is an old, old trick, but it works. Take two elderly men both over military age. Let the rumor of war appear. The man who is ready to sacrifice other people's lives at short notice appears as the hero; the moderate person who resists the stampede and braves the denunciation for doing so, is somehow labelled coward. In the German Reichstag the men who upheld the war party could pose as the gallant pacifists; Liebknecht, who stood up unmoved against the storm, was put down a coward. But, by any just estimate, where was the courage and where the timidity? Who had that iron in his soul of which free men are made? In England there is now bitter discussion between those who want a sensible peace and those who will set no limits to their vengeance. Which position is the easy one, the soft one, the one of the mollycoddles? Which position requires courage, and which requires nothing but the willingness to drift with the current?

The courage of the battlefield and the courage of the editorial sanctum are not identical. Courage is not so simple a virtue. At a dinner table, in a drawing-room, on the stump, in the Senate, the easy attitude is to follow the loudest declamation, to

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go with, not against, the violence of the tribe. It involves usually no risk, and it is almost always a cheap way to approval. Yet there is no guarantee that the fiber of a people is sound because no one appears who is willing to risk the sneers of the angriest. It may be that the people who are ready to sacrifice popularity, to face ridicule, to stand out for reason and adjustment, are the people who really have the bravery that freedom requires. Not to be afraid of being called a coward has been often recognized as a high order of courage.

It would be a great gain if our military agitators would use words like coward and poltroon with more discrimination. They are not synonymous with a desire for peace, with an opposition to conscription, with a determination not to invade Mexico because some bandits have committed a crime. All men less violent than the most violent have not white hearts and yellow souls. All are not cowards who wish to weigh carefully the purpose of armaments that mean a break with the whole tradition of American life. All are not poltroons who insist upon analyzing the intention of those who wish to make us the greatest military nation on earth. All are not spineless who think that the honor of a democracy is not that of a Spanish grandee.

The cause of preparedness is not helped by floating it upon a stream of jingoism. Many of us think there are powerful reasons for re-defining American policy and preparing armaments to uphold it, but the cause is endangered and made odious by those who treat it as an issue between cowards and heroes. The military propagandists will, if they don't look out, have taken so extreme a position that the American people may regard them as a greater danger than any possible foreign enemy. They are feeding the deep and experienced suspicion of ordinary men that all armament leads to militarism, that any concession provokes the appetite of those who like the virtues of war better than the virtues of peace, who like military equipment for its own sake and propose to rule the nation in its interest.

There is in America to-day the beginning of that very military arrogance which we are told this war is being fought to abolish. It shows itself in contempt for all efforts toward peace, in programs of armament that are the vistas of a nightmare, in denunciation of the virtues that make a free and tolerant people, in a hatred of other points of view, in the attempt to haze and ostracise those who have different opinions, and in the assertion of a brittle, touchy impatience at the thought that anything human can be adjusted without slamming the table and rattling the windows.

The militarists are forcing the issue in such a way as to consolidate the opposition. If the American people have to choose between their virulence and the amiable intentions of the official pacifists they will follow the pacifists. They will risk the Monroe Doctrine and American prestige in the East, they will prefer the defeat of a foreign policy in some future war to any proposal to deliver the country into the hands of those who in the last months have got deeper and deeper into their own violence. The real desire of Americans is to make a civilization in America. They will prepare what is necessary to defend that; they may even be induced to take a share in the policing of the world. But they do not want to be told that war is a gymnasium of the virtues; they know it to be the stinking thing that it is. They want no extra gold lace and no more tom-toms than are necessary. They do not wish to spend their energy in dreaming war games. If they have to fight they will do it sadly, and with as little bombast as possible. Their condemnation of Germany in this war is based on what they believe to be a dangerous military psychology in the rulers of Germany, and they are shrewd enough to detect and resent that same psychology when it crops up in America.

The Nemesis of Reform

DISILLUSIONMENT is the lot of the economic reformer. Here is a mountain basin with easy slopes and potentially fertile soil, desert for want of water that flows on the other side of a rocky ridge. We apply to the government to construct a tunnel and irrigation ditches; we agitate the project in season and out of season, and at last the rock drills are installed. We picture to ourselves the thousand pleasant homes sheltered, like that of Catullus, from north wind and west, and able to bid defiance to the scorching breath of the south. But what do we find a generation later, when the fructifying waters have become established in the order of nature? An agricultural population bowed down under the threatening blasts of foreclosure proceedings. When the first pick tapped the rock ridge, the speculators entered the valley. With each blast of dynamite the value of land rose until, upon the advent of the actual settlers, the virtues of the soil and the flow of water, the unfailing sunshine and the charm of the landscape had all been capitalized, transformed into a perpetual vested interest. The goal of economic equality and popular contentment had been advanced still further into remoteness.

A great city relies for its coal supply upon a distant mining district, and a conscienceless railway combination holds rates at an exorbitant figure. By infinite effort we secure laws for rate regulation, expecting the price of coal at the consumers' doors to come down. Instead the price goes up at the pit's mouth. The railways are impoverished and the

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mine owners are enriched; as to the rest of us, we hold the sack.

We are weary of the congestion of the city, while all around lie unlimited scrub and bramble, engrossing the light and air for want of which human thousands are perishing. Transit facilities, we imagine, will cure the evil; if private enterprise will not supply the need, we agitate for railways at public cost. Say they are resolved upon, up goes the price of the land formerly waste, and long before the cars are running, a nice balance of cost and advantage has been worked out, leaving to the slum-dweller only a sentimental motive for changing his abode.

Are we enthusiastic over the project of enabling men of modest means to acquire their own homes? Let us organize an association to lend capital at low rates for workingmen's dwellings, and see what happens. On every hand will spring up "why pay rent" missionaries, with suburban developments in which the investor may secure a home of his own on monthly payments only slightly less burdensome than urban rents. Depreciation and taxation are studiously ignored in the calculation, but this is unessential. What is essential is that the price of house and lot are directly dependent upon the interest on capital available for the purpose. If the interest charged is high, the price of a home is correspondingly low, and vice versa. What, then, have we gained through our adventure in cheapening capital? We have created a new vested interest, enriched a new class of speculators, bred up a new body of reactionaries to oppose real reforms.

Just now every public-spirited citizen is interested in the various plans proposed for reorganizing our system of rural credit. It is preposterous that agriculture should be burdened with an interest rate of eight per cent when not more stable urban enterprise can borrow at five per cent or less. Here is a small farmer with his home half paid for, struggling under the weight of a three thousand dollar mortgage—two hundred and forty dollars a year. What a relief it would be to him if he could borrow money at four per cent instead of eight. He could set aside an additional hundred and twenty dollars each year for the extinction of the principal. But wait: if the interest rate had been four per cent instead of eight, the home would have cost nearer twelve thousand than six, for the rate of interest on available loan capital is one of the first elements that enter into the price of land. High interest, cheap land; low interest, dear land. What is to be our reward if we succeed in reducing the rate on farm loans?

In all these instances, to be sure, some social gain, permanent or transient, may be realized. Some men of small means will get in on the ground floor. If a new vested interest is created, often an old and less tractable vested interest is prejudiced, with a net result of a margin of diffused gains. But a similar net result flows from practically every enterprise undertaken with a view merely to private profit. Our present complaint is that the reform project works only incidentally toward diffusion of gain. The private profit-seeker stands ever ready to divert to his own uses the major gains of economic reform. The vested interest follows reform like a nemesis.

And the fault lies not with the private profit-seeker, but with the reformer. If the city intends to build a line of easy travel to my tract of rubble and poison oak, never yet worth to me the cost of my deed, it is my righteous intention to capitalize the tract for all it is worth. The city might have had foresight to acquire my land while it was still cheap; but did a city ever hold two ideas at once in its silly collective head? Reform has shirked the duty of thinking its problems through. It has occupied itself with immediate and visible results, ignoring the fact that the more important consequences of forces of social bearing are remote, visible only to the mind. In its attempts to correct abuses it often succeeds only in shifting abuses. In its attempts to promote equality it often only promotes new kinds of inequality.

What we need is the reformer who is social not only in his sympathies but in his insights as well. Reform will escape its nemesis when the end to be attained is clearly visualized, and the means of realization are thoroughly worked out and controlled even to their remotest repercussions. We want, for example, a reform of our rural credit system. To what end? That the general price of land may be inflated, or that we may check the tendency toward divorcing the cultivator from the soil? If the latter is the end in view, let us take care that the former is not the end realized.

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Force, Violence and Law

WHAT is force, and what are we going to do with it? This, I am inclined to think, is the acute question of social philosophy in a world like that of to-day. A generation which has beheld the most stupendous manifestation of force in all history is not going to be content unless it has found some answer to the question this exhibition has stirred into being. Having witnessed the spectacle of continuous wholesale bombing, can we henceforth reprimand the sporadic and private bombing of the anarchist without putting our tongues in our cheeks? Or shall we say that he is right in principle, but wrong just in that his exercise of force is casual and personal, not collective and organized? We are to "prepare." How are we to decide whether this willingness to resort to the threat of force is a pledge of the final loyalty to ideals, or an evidence of growing contempt for the precious fruits of human labor, the only things which stand between us and the brutes? Is force the highest kind of laborious industry or is it the negation of industry?

We cannot ask this about war without being led to extend our questioning. Once we have uttered the question, everything in civilization throws it back at us. From the barracks it is but a step to the police court and the jail. Behind the prison rises the smoke of the factory, and from the factory roads lead to the counting-house and the bank. Is our civic life other than a disguised struggle of brute forces? Are the policeman and the jailer the true guardians and representatives of the social order? Is our industrial life other than a continued combat to sift the strong and the weak, a war where only external arms and armor are changed? Is the state itself anything but organized force? In the seventeenth century political theorists talked frankly in terms of force and power. We have invented a more polite terminology. Much is now said of the common will and consciousness; the state figures as a moral personality, or at least as a juridical one. Hasn't our thinking lost in clearness and definiteness as our language has become more sentimentally courteous?

Yet common sense still clings to a *via media* between the Tolstoian, to whom all force is violence and all violence evil, and that glorification of force which is so easy when war arouses turbulent emotion, and so persistent (in disguised forms) whenever competition rules industry. I should be glad to make the voice of common sense more articulate. As an initial aid, I would call to mind the fact that force figures in different rôles. Sometimes it is energy; sometimes it is coercion or constraint; sometimes it is violence. Energy is power used with a eulogistic meaning; it is power of doing work, harnessed to accomplishment of ends. But it is force none the less—brute force if you please, and rationalized only by its results. Exactly the same force running wild is called violence. The objection to violence is not that it involves the use of force, but that it is a waste of force; that it uses force idly or destructively. And what is called law may always, I suggest, be looked at as describing a method for employing force economically, efficiently, so as to get results with the least waste.

No matter what idealists and optimists say, the energy of the world, the number of forces at disposal, is plural, not unified. There are different centers of force and they go their ways independently. They come into conflict; they clash. Energy which would otherwise be used in effecting something is then used up in friction; it goes to waste. Two men may be equally engaged about their respective businesses, and their businesses may be equally reputable and important, and yet there may be no harmony in their expenditures of energy. They are driving opposite ways on the road and their vehicles collide. The subsequent waste in quarreling is as certain as the immediate waste in a smash-up. The rule that each shall turn to the right is a plan for organizing otherwise independent and potentially conflicting energies into a scheme which avoids waste, a scheme allowing a maximum utilization of energy. Such, if I mistake not, is the true purport of all law.

Either I am mistaken, or those persons who are clamoring for the "substitution of law for force" have their language, at least, badly mixed. And a continuous use of mixed language is likely to produce a harmful mixture in ideas. Force is the only thing in the world which effects anything, and literally to substitute law for force would be as intelligent as to try to run an engine on the mathematical formula which states its most efficient running. Doubtless those who use the phrase have their hearts in the right place; they mean some method of regulating the expenditure of force which will avoid the wastes incident to present methods. But too often the phrase is bound up with intellectual confusion. There is a genuine emotional animosity to the very idea of force. The "philosophy of force" is alluded to scornfully or indignantly—

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which is somewhat as if an engineer should speak deprecatingly of the science of energy.

At various times of my life I have, with other wearied souls, assisted at discussions between those who were Tolstoians and—well, those who weren't. In reply to the agitated protests of the former against war and the police and penal measures, I have listened to the time-honored queries about what you should do when the criminal attacked your friend or child. I have rarely heard it stated that since one cannot even walk the street without using force, the only question which persons can discuss with one another concerns the most effective use of force in gaining ends in specific situations. If one's end is the saving of one's soul immaculate, or maintaining a certain emotion unimpaired, doubtless force should be used to inhibit natural muscular reactions. If the end is something else, a hearty fisticuff may be the means of realizing it. What is intolerable is that men should condemn or eulogize force at large, irrespective of its use as a means of getting results. To be interested in ends and to have contempt for the means which alone secure them is the last stage of intellectual demoralization.

It is hostility to force as force, to force intrinsically, which has rendered the peace movement so largely an anti-movement, with all the weaknesses which appertain to everything that is primarily anti-anything. Unable to conceive the task of organizing the existing forces so they may achieve their greatest efficiency, pacifists have had little recourse save to decry evil emotions and evil-minded men as the causes of war. Belief that war springs from the emotions of hate, pugnacity and greed rather than from the objective causes which call these emotions into play reduces the peace movement to the futile plane of hortatory preaching. The avarice of munition-makers, the love of some newspapers for exciting news, and the depravity of the anonymous human heart doubtless play a part in the generation of war. But they take a hand in bringing on war only because there are specific defects in the organization of the energies of men in society which give them occasion and stimulation.

If law or rule is simply a device for securing such a distribution of forces as keeps them from conflicting with one another, the discovery of a new social arrangement is the first step in substituting law for war. The ordinary pacifist's method is like trying to avoid conflict in the use of the road by telling men to love one another, instead of by instituting a rule of the road. Until pacifism puts its faith in constructive, inventive intelligence instead of in appeal to emotions and in exhortation, the disparate unorganized forces of the world will continue to develop outbreaks of violence.

The principle cuts, however, two ways. I know of no word more often deprived of meaning and reduced to a mere emotional counter than the word "end," of which I have made free use. Men appeal to ends to justify their resort to force when they mean by ends only footless desires. An end is something which concerns results rather than aspirations. We justify the use of force in the name of justice when dealing with criminals in our infantilely barbaric penal methods. But unless its use is actually an effective and economical means of securing specific results, we are using violence to relieve our immediate impulses and to save ourselves the labor of thought and construction. So men justify war in behalf of words which would be empty were they not charged with emotional force—words like honor, liberty, civilization, divine purpose and destiny—forgetting that a war, like anything else, has specific concrete results on earth. Unless war can be shown to be the most economical method of securing the results which are desirable with a minimum of the undesirable results, it marks waste and loss: it must be adjudged a violence, not a use of force. The terms honor, liberty, future of civilization, justice, become sentimental phantasies of the same order as the catch-words of the professional pacifist. Their emotional force may keep men going, but they throw no light on the goal nor on the way traveled.

I would not wish to cast doubt on anything which aims to perceive facts and to act in their light. The conception of an international league to enforce peace, an international police force, has about it a flavor of reality. Nevertheless force is efficient socially not when imposed upon a scene from without, but when it is an organization of the forces *in* the scene. We do not enjoy common interests and amicable intercourse in this country because our fathers instituted a United States and armed it with executive force. The formation of the United States took place because of the community of interests and the amicable intercourse already existent. Doubtless its formation facilitated and accelerated the various forces which it concentrated, but no amount of force possessed by it could have imposed commerce, travel, unity of tradition and outlook upon the thirteen states. It was their union, their organization. And no league to enforce peace will fare prosperously save as it is the natural accompaniment of a constructive adjustment of the concrete interests which are already at work. Not merely the glorification of either war or peace for their own sakes, but equally the glorification of diplomacy, prestige, national standing and power and international tribunals at large,

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tends to keep men's thoughts engaged with emotional abstractions, and turns them away from the perception of the particular forces which have to be related. The passage of force under law occurs only when all the cards are on the table, when the objective facts which bring conflicts in their train are acknowledged, and when intelligence is used to devise mechanisms which will afford to the forces at work all the satisfaction that conditions permit.

JOHN DEWEY.

Cezanne

THE pleasures that art gives and those that commerce with men and things affords differ only in this, that in our ordinary life feeling is an accompaniment of action, whereas in aesthetic contemplation it is the product of frustrated action and is felt as belonging to the thing that we regard. This means that the impulse to action aroused in us by what we see is contradicted by an impulse to sit quietly and look, and the feelings that arise in connection with these active and counteractive tendencies are experienced as a quality of the thing beheld. To the picture that stimulates these impulses and consequent feelings, because it is the object of our attention, we attribute the qualities that the feelings themselves imply. The range of these æsthetic values is practically as wide as the range of values in actual life, and one has only to review the pictures of all kinds that one has known, to realize the variety of feelings which pictorial expression can awaken.

A work of art deserves importance largely from its capacity to give stability and durability to fluctuating and evanescent values. Things that an artist sees when he is looking with an artist's eye can be preserved. These things are often quite uninteresting to ordinary seeing. A china plate by Chardin may be beautiful, although the same plate in itself would pass unnoticed. It did not pass unnoticed by Chardin, and there precisely is the important point. The artist did not look to see what the plate was like, but just to see it, and anything so looked at comes to have the value of existence. With practice even people who are not artists can learn to see so as to become conscious of a thing's reality. Man has a deep sense of his insecurity and transitoriness, and nothing appeals to him more strongly than reality. The metaphysician studies it, the moralist ponders it, the plain man demands it, and even children often ask, "But is it really real?" In painting no one has dealt so powerfully with the rendering of some aspects of reality as Cezanne.

Cezanne was a native of southern France, sensitive and intelligent, who took to painting against the wishes of his father, a small banker in Provençe. He tried both law and banking, but his interest in affairs could not be roused, and so at twenty-two he settled down in Paris to study. He was companionable and affectionate, but very timid, with occasional outbreaks of determined self-assertion. His pictures were rejected at the Salon, and he was too diffident to play much of a part in the café controversies, despite his positive opinions. He frequented the Louvre and worked a good deal intermittently, but he himself declares that only after his return to solitude in his own town did he begin his really strenuous work.

It is this Cezanne of the later years we know. He had become a man absorbed in painting, and negligent of everything else. He lacked completely the sense of practical affairs. Naturally trusting and affectionate, he had become suspicious and embittered through rejection and neglect. He felt profoundly his inability to cope with men or things, and answered to disturbances with fits of violent rage or sulks. He had innumerable phobias and manias. Especially he feared women and the designs on him which he imputed to them all. He was a man oppressed, tormented, isolated, with only one real aim in life—to paint, attain to mastery, and in the end to create.

It seems at first sight strange that just this man, whose generous, sensitive, intelligent nature had been so wrested from sanity, who had become so unregulated in his conduct and so unbalanced, should have been, above all other painters, he who most persistently struggled with the problem of rendering matter stable and organic form substantial. Nor was this true only with reference to the object represented. The picture as a whole was organized and made coherent, its parts interrelated and compacted, to a degree that before had never been approached. Cezanne came into possession of impressionist means and their idea of color. A picture was to be built up of color elements entirely, and light and shade should serve not to gradate large areas of single color, but as a character of those small color spots whose contrasts and harmonies built up the form. Monet and Pissaro had fully freed themselves from blocks of single color, and built up the whole picture of minute color elements. Their interest, however, and especially with Monet, was in the play of light and in things seen as bathed in light. Cezanne, employing the same method, gave no thought to the light in which things floated, but fixed his mind upon the solid thing itself. He tried to get, above all else, substantiality, finality, the eternal, the secure.

There is an obvious opposition between the character of Cezanne's work and the man's character,

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but there is no contradiction. A genuinely creative artist sees the world not as he is taught to see it, but freshly, in the light of his own needs. Cezanne, tormented, agitated, a prey to endless fears, with nothing in the world around him to sustain him, created for himself the thing he needed. Not, of course, the whole of it, for his ideal far outstripped his powers. His longing went out to a world not only solidly but joyously and conqueringly alive. Many of his early works show the spirit of the romantic illustrator, and this temper never left him. Unfortunately he had no freedom of imagination. He could not work without a model sitting with endless patience. Even if he had wished to pose a nude—and the female nude he could not use because of his pathological pudicity—no model possibly could stand as Cezanne required. His romantic compositions were therefore replaced occasionally by the groups of nudes called bathers, for which he utilized the studies made in his academy days, but in the main he painted instead the apples and landscapes and rare persons that were sufficiently amenable to his requirements. As flowers did not last until a picture could be finished, he used paper flowers instead, and these had sometimes faded almost white before the picture had reached completion. In fact, it very rarely happened that a picture was to his mind completed. Existence, and more existence, was almost an obsession with him. There were some canvases on which he worked for several decades.

There is no painter of our time so pedestalled as Cezanne. Some hold him quite the greatest of all painters, and give their reasons why he should be so regarded. Those persons who decry him utterly can be neglected because their failure to see anything of worth in him does not refute what others see. It is absurd to say that he lacks beauty. No form that reaches organization can fail of that, and Cezanne's form is so effectively built up with color, cleanly, delicately and firmly welded, and through his best work run such reverberant rhythms, that one who feels all this can sympathize with his extremest advocates. He is perhaps the most important figure in the history of modern painting, because of his elaboration of constructive color—color, that is, which models form. This was his legacy and made him a precursor. Most of the important painters immediately after him felt this great influence, and perhaps the most serious of the many faults of cubism and kindred movements is that they have diverted painting from this vital trend.

Against this splendid mastery of organized matter we must, however, place the limitations of Cezanne's effective interest. To those with an esoteric attitude toward paint this is an irrelevant matter, but, as I tried to show at the beginning, all that in life can interest us can do so in art. And if we compare the range of life experience set forth by Cezanne with what the greatest masters have expressed, we see how narrow is that range. When one thinks of Giotto, Rubens or Giorgione, of Titian, Rénoir, Delacroix, and Michelangelo, presenting in substantial form so much of their passionate interest in nature, life and love, the field of Cezanne's interest is seen as something almost painfully restricted. He himself knew these limitations and bitterly regretted them, for his was a soul intense and palpitating; but his gifts did not allow him freedom, and his febrile, tormented spirit, driven in upon itself, narrowed still more the range of his creative sympathies. He did a limited thing, but one so fundamental—he realized so splendidly the beauty and power of sheer substance—that those who can for the time being dispense with other elements of satisfaction find in him a source of illimitable content.

LEO D. STEIN.

The Meed of a Brute

ANTELOPE CREEK, under the red-painted iron bridge at the station, looks like an abandoned Eastern canal, good for nothing but green scum and pond lilies. But at the time of the June rains, when the overfed Missouri groans in its bed, Antelope Creek becomes a river of black water, flush with its banks and flowing, apparently, uphill toward the bluffs, where alone you can set foot on solid ground in this muddy season. To get there you embark in a flat-bottomed boat, which will nose its own way among the drowned willows while you sit at ease, surveying comfortable farm houses nestling among barns and full corncribs and haystacks—a plethora carried over from the last year's harvest. These are the homes of the enthusiasts who rushed west to defend the right in "bleeding Kansas." There is no enthusiasm now, only prosperity, waiting for the roads to harden so that the Ford cars may come out and earn their keep. Soon the banks of the stream become higher and you see nothing but the dense fringe of ragweed on its edges, a little above you. At length your boat begins to turn in circles; you have reached the head of navigation. The real Antelope Creek is before you, a thin stream, trickling down in many strands over a shelf of greasy clay. You may disembark, for the mud is never deep on the upland.

The road rises abruptly for a hundred yards, and then keeps a fairly consistent level, following the sinuosities of a long hill just above the margin of profitable cultivation. Below you lies the Antelope

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valley, broad enough for a succession of good farms that pretend to match the bottom land in fertility, at least on their choicest acres near the stream. These are the homesteads of Civil War veterans, contented old men enjoying a twofold prosperity from the rising price of corn and meat and the increasing liberality of pension legislation. Gradually the valley grows narrower and the cornfields tilt toward the sky-line. Germans live here and other immigrant homesteaders, thriftily trading their lives for minute improvements in the thin soil. At last the road finds the valley no longer worth following; it turns resolutely to the left and mounts a saddleback hill, from which the wayfarer gains a profitless vista of hill above hill, to the faint horizon. These are the estates of the men yet to come. In the autumn fire sweeps over the slopes, offering a few hours of splendor and smoke in recompense for the blackness that is to reign until May—save when the snow flies. In summer thin blades of grass clothe the hills scantily, and the compass plant puts forth its pronged leaves, pointing futilely to the true north.

Just before you leave the valley you observe at the bank of the dwindling stream a little hut almost weathered into the landscape. The walls are of prairie sod, with an unsymmetrical opening for a door and another for a window; the poles supporting the sod roof protrude and slant upward as if giving way in the middle. This was the home of Rasmus Keiser and his faithful wife Trina, the last ripple of immigration into the Antelope valley. Trina was one of those women you don't really see even if you deliberately look at them, which you feel you have no right to do. Effaced, weathered, protectively colored, I'm not sure which, she was very thin and frail, and breathed her words instead of voicing them. I think her eyes were blue and her hair yellow under grey.

Rasmus you couldn't help seeing. He was enormous, with offensively prominent milk-blue eyes, and a disorderly beard, garishly red but trimmed at the temples with white. There was no remark so unimportant but he would put the full force of his cavernous lungs behind it. He was a brute and a bully, and prided himself that through all his life he had whipped every boy or man who had dared to show fight. Every Saturday he walked four miles to town to spend the night in the saloon, where he held an armchair as his fort, drinking hugely and glaring about for a possible enemy. Sometimes when the room was full of rowdies and one appeared to be egging another on, Rasmus would rise and reel heavily about the room, by way of temptation. A newcomer, encouraged by thought of easy victory, would jolt against him and lively moments would follow. If his victim succumbed too easily, Rasmus was likely to make out a charge of conspiracy against the whole crowd. Some would make good their exit, but for the rest Rasmus would "cord them up," to use his own woodsman's phrase.

With the rising of the sun Rasmus would stow a pint bottle in his pocket and set out with long strides for home. Not a sign would be in his gait of the raw alcohol in his veins. But once he reached the point in the road above his house he would put his hands to his mouth and roar: "*Trina! Jeg er ful!*" Then he would lie down in the middle of the road.

Trina would run panting up the slope, and after supreme efforts would get him on his feet. Then followed a slow progress down the path, Rasmus swaying from side to side like a top-heavy ship, Trina exerting all her strength and agility and practiced art to prevent an overturn. Sometimes she failed, and both went down heavily among the sandburs, Rasmus roaring reproaches and Trina breathing apologies. Occasionally a passing neighbor volunteered assistance. I did so once. But I got a glance from Rasmus, and remembering the "cording-up" process, desisted.

Rasmus was a public scandal, and we discussed him thoroughly whenever we met. "It's a pity somebody doesn't kill him," was our usual conclusion. And that is just what in the end somebody did. Rasmus attacked one newcomer too many and got pistol bullets in exchange for blows. The rowdies carried him home. And Trina went mad. We tried to get her away from the wretched hut, but she wouldn't leave it. All summer she sat in her doorway moaning, or on the prickly turf of the hill above, where Rasmus had been buried.

It was my privilege one September morning to convey Mrs. Barton, the president of the Williams County Equal Suffrage League, over the Antelope Creek road to an upland village meeting. As the event was still fresh, I narrated the tale of Rasmus and Trina.

"I want to see her," said Mrs. Barton.

"There she is now," I said, pointing to a motionless seated figure at the point of the hill.

As we approached Trina looked up vacantly, as though we were part of the procession of cloud shadows pursuing one another over the face of the field. Mrs. Barton offered her hand, but Trina made a deprecating gesture. Her hands were yellow with the soil.

"It is too cold for you here on this hill," said Mrs. Barton.

"For me? No," breathed Trina. "It is too cold for Rasmus. This is a dreadful country, so black, so cold. It is dreadful to live in, but to die in, it is terrible. Over there it is not hard to die. The ground is full of them, since old time—young

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men and girls, parents and little children, noble ladies, princes, kings. They have gone the road, and it is not so lonely."

Trina's consciousness no longer included us. She had returned to her work of crushing the little hard clods to a fine powder.

"That is the way women used to be," I said apologetically as we descended the hill.

"Used to be!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton indignantly. "They are now and always will be."

"But I told you he was a brute and beat her."

"You men of to-day don't beat your wives, it is true," said Mrs. Barton. "A woman has to matter a lot to a man before he will beat her."

It may prove a grave thing to meet a person like Trina who is mad. There is contagion in madness.

The World's Worst Failure

(II) The Schoolmistress

THERE is only one period in my life on which I look back with the feeling that then I was in prison, that then I was held back, by something more than my own inertness, from the upward movement of life towards self-comprehension; and that was the time when I lived in a world made by women. For fifty years the will of picked women has worked unfettered at the making of the system of secondary education for girls, and it has resulted in one of the most successful of mankind's many attempts to make youth a hateful thing. The intellectual passion of adolescence is perhaps more intense and is certainly more beautiful than first love; but because of these dusty schools where the message of learning is chalked on blackboards by women of no achievements it dies young in most of us and knows no such glad recoveries as come to love. I, who love learning very greatly, fled from school at sixteen, utterly regardless of how precarious the future might be, so long as it did not contain the certainty of a university career. The next thing I found myself doing was digging rhubarb roots in a market-garden on a wet hillside one drizzling November; and I can remember halting at that task, my face stung with the weather and my boots heavy with fat mud, and looking down without regret on the university spires and the towers of my school that pierced the white curdle of mist in the valley between me and the snow-ribbed mountains. I looked on them with the degrading sort of hatred that a pauper might feel for a soup-kitchen where they gave watery soup. The teachers had promised, with the air of superiority which is part of school discipline, to give one all the wealth of the world's mind, and had imposed upon one so rigorously the idea of their aloof and mystic authority that one dared not charge them with manifest failure to carry out their contract. But it is not to be disputed that by a fundamental wrongness of attitude to their own womanhood they made education as sentimental, as destructive to the crystal hardness of the mind, as ultimately desolating, as an eternal afternoon spent listening to Tosti or Mendelssohn.

These women had nothing to give. Not only was it necessary that a teacher should attend her school in inconspicuous clothes and give carefully prepared lessons on chosen textbooks, it was also all that the educational system permitted her to do. It was bad form for a teacher to have a conspicuously beautiful and adorned body, to be hotly involved in politics or love, to make art or be interested in any artists but the infinitely dead. It was unfortunate and invalidated the whole claim of education that these definitely excluded activities happen to be the only ways by which the soul can lay up in itself riches. The one teacher who could best afford to be generous was a girl with pale gold hair and a wintry prettiness that suggested that she was sweetly enduring a rule of poverty, who taught mathematics; and all she could give was answering smiles to intelligence, and infinitely pathetic evening parties for the older girls. She would receive us a little shyly, being very conscious that she had changed the business-like blouse and skirt which all day made her boyish body look like a prop caught in a sheet, for a sage-green *djibbah* and a bright fillet in her hair. Her photogravures of the Italian primitives were only part of a general wrongness which included amphorae, and bits of copperwork and della Robbia tiles, and all the clutter of unrelated second-hand stuff that that kind of culture carts about it with it because Ruskin once told it to. In this tremulous and absurd atmosphere of conscious unusualness we would sit by the fire and drink cocoa while she talked with earnest and undiscriminating passion about gods and half-gods, Browning and George Frederick Watts; and, leaning a little forward with her eyes intent on a distant glory, she became much more significant than the words she spoke, like a prisoner in the camp of the enemy whispering the splendors of his fatherland in veiled phrases of his captor's tongue.

A thousand beginnings of imaginative phrases, innumerable arrested gestures of her lovely body,

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showed that this girl had been born an heiress of the mind, born to spend lavishly its treasures, and I could not guess what had reduced her to so blue and starved a beggary, until in later life I learned precisely what was involved by her statement that she had been at Oxford: Oxford, where women students of history are unable to study military strategy because shortness of wind forbids the official chaperons to go the necessary expeditions over the hills and dales of Oxfordshire; Oxford, where no woman can attend a lecture alone unless she has one of these chaperons sewing red flannel petticoats or knitting a sock at her elbow; Oxford, which breeds women to this conformity, this renouncement of the gift of personal vividness, this resolute practice of dulness as a form of hygiene which no clean person could neglect, which made that golden girl shine no brighter than a dying rushlight, and all the other teachers a mere string of shadows in which any vileness, by simply turning its face from the light, could join undetected. For unquestionably it was joined by women whose society was not less brutalizing to their pupils in school than it would have been in the dark places of the city to which they properly belonged, and perhaps more brutalizing, since their beings fretted to savagery at the unnatural cleanness of their lives.

There was one woman with red, square, slightly overhanging cheeks and a mouth inflamed to purple with evil temper, the like of whom I never met until years later I strayed into the Thames police court and saw one Mary Huggins tried for mutilating the face of her paramour with a pewter pint pot. And there was a little black thing with a tight smiling mouth, a creature of lies and spite and moist unwholesome glances at the visiting masters, whom I have seen a thousand times since, as neat and nice and base as ever in the downward yellow of street-lamps. If the atmosphere of the school had been hot with discussion these must have caught fire and shown their quality by the foulness of their flame. As it was they smouldered dimly, giving no light or heat, like all the rest. It is the worst of women's misfortunes that we are unwinnowed by adventure and the chaff stays among us always.

But it did not matter so much that among these shadows there was evil—for whatever else the company of the wicked may do to the young it also makes them deride sin—as that nobility passed on its way without shedding its rare peculiar radiance. I remember the headmistress, a silver-haired lady in costly dresses of quiet but rich ineffectiveness in neutral tints, as unquestionably fine; but it was a fineness *in vacuo*. I cannot recollect her saying anything fine, or doing anything at all, and it would have been violently at variance with her theory of the serene inactivity proper to teachers that any of her pupils should perceive her championing a cause. Yet I am so convinced that she was made of that steel from which swords are forged that I want to go back to that office where she still sits, busy but immobile, before her desk, doubtless imagining herself high and calm like an aging Minerva, yet in reality stirring up such suspicions of sickness as one might form if one saw a race-horse of beautiful action shut day after day in its box. I want to find out why she so deliberately and with so proud a conviction of her rightness professed an abstinence from action which one would pardon only in the dead, and why she taught us that nothing could be more desirable in life than the stillness and fixity which are the very characters of death. "Why," I would ask her, if I could stand again in the office where I last stood, indicted for the comic crime of writing a poem on "The Death of God" in the cookery class, "why did you tell me nothing of life?

"No, I have not fallen into bad hands since I left school and joined the cranks. I do not mean that you should have given us what is known as 'sex instruction.' I regard your omission to do so as one of the few claims you have upon my respect, for, so far as I can judge from such stages in the development of myself and my schoolfellows as merged into consciousness and remain in the memory, your intervention in this matter would have put the last touch of ruin to our already shattered relations. It is best that one should learn these things from other human beings at the same stage of development as oneself, so that one is not obliged to believe them, but can push out of one's belief any fact that comes too soon, while registering it for further reference when one is old enough to assimilate it. But every statement that comes from a teacher must be accepted at once as true or the whole sanction of education is gone. Are you then going to teach a little girl the facts of motherhood before she is old enough to appreciate the physical and psychical rewards that lighten that cruel failure of the human structure? Or are you going to lie, as every handbook on sex instruction that I have ever seen has lied, and pretend that motherhood is a pretty and sentimental occasion like the first communion in a cheap French oleograph, and be recognized by your pupils, as soon as they had knowledge and became people whose opinions mattered, as a liar?

"I do not mean to reproach you for your sexual nothingness. Not long ago I met a Frenchwoman who had been much loved, and she was more nearly nothing than even you: a shadow cast on the wall by the bodies of idle men, which vanished when they were called away to the business of life. Because sexual love is the most useful and common type of

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excitement we are apt to think it necessary to life, when the truth is that it is excitement itself which is life's essential. Saint Teresa knew no more of passion than that first love which sprang green to a sudden withering, as spring things do in her country, on the grey rocks of Avila; yet she was a stronger personality than any woman who ever lived. The most one can say is that had she been admitted to the company of lovers and become an executor of the laws of life she probably would have spent her genius more sensibly than in the multiplication of convents to the economic ruin of Spain. Any intensity of excitement, whether it be evoked by one behind the stars or within one's arms, acts upon the life of the soul like sunlight upon the growth of a plant. Adventurers swept by an irrational passion for the unknown abandon comfort and security and sail up new rivers to new continents. Artists and scientists, too eager about life to settle down to the business of prosperity, find out new truths. Excited lovers cast off the freedom of sterility and make new lives. Without this light struck by men's nerves the world would stand dark in the universe like a great house unlit in the night.

"From this essential of life you debarred and even dissuaded us by your blank monotony of voice and appearance, your silence about art and the government of the world, your dreary advocacy of non-inquiry and acquiescence. You cannot excuse yourself by saying that at least you attended to your business of teaching; that, being so dead, you could hardly do. If there is one thing certain about God it is that he thinks in mathematics, for the worlds which are his thoughts are planned by that. But it was hard to perceive the divinity of the subject from the teaching of your dispirited staff, so deliberately rubbed down to dulness."

My eye roves round the room to discover in its familiarity something that I had overlooked, something that holds the key to this riddle of designed worthlessness. It emerges from my memory with the clearness that disregarded facts sometimes preserve through the years. It is the photogravure of an Italian madonna: her limp hands hold the Holy Child negligently and distastefully, as though she considered that the advantages of being the Mother of God have been much exaggerated, and she lowers to us a blank oval face with a narrow forehead which is the very throne of nothingness. I am shocked into speech. "Of course, that is your ideal! But surely you see that that is not the Virgin chosen by God to mother the Son of Man, but the virgin who is foolishly desired by men? This is not the woman who bore her child in a manger, who lifted him to the adoration of the kings, who saved him by the flight into Egypt. This is the creation of that lust in the hearts of the baser sort of men which is a perverted form of fatherhood. They desire at once to love and give life, and so they imagine fair pieces of flesh that have gained no wealth from the world, who have hardly done more than breathe before their lovers come to them. It is monstrous that men should desire any human being to stand aside even for the period of their youth from man's task of experience, and any human being who consents to stand aside sins against the spirit within him. And that is what you are doing. You are not free women, for all your economic independence; you are still slaves to men's desire. You weary and starve your pupils with your deliberate vacuity, because men like unmarried women to be blank pages on which they may write what they will. You too live on the favor of men. You too are given up body and soul to the instinct for elegance."

REBECCA WEST.

Music of the Russian Ballet

THE Russian Ballet has brought the music of the nineteenth century to its logical conclusion. From the time when Beethoven described the emotions of "a great man" and his own impressions in the fields, to the time when Strauss pictured the adventures of Don Quixote, music sought increasingly to be pictorial and narrative. There were always those who contended that music could not accomplish this, and strictly speaking, of course, they were right. But music, by some complex process of association, can suggest almost anything than can be felt by the senses. And then came the Russian Ballet to supply the visual picture, to tell the emotional story. It has done this with a brilliance never before achieved on the stage in modern times.

If the early opponents of program music could rise in their graves they would be gleeful. "This," they would say to Berlioz and Liszt, to Tchaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, "is what you were doing. You thought you were writing music. You were only writing ballets." And they would be right. But such critics forget that between the first musical suggestion of a story or picture and the visual consummation of it lies the imagination. To set the imagination at work was the business of program music. Now, with the story acted before our eyes, the imagination can go to sleep, and we can speculate, if we care to, as to whether we prefer to have our imaginations active or asleep or unawakened. In other words, the Russian Ballet has sub-divided the old scholastic question of program music into three sections in place of two—if that is to its credit.

But the Russian dancers would hardly be proud of such a distinction. What they can be proud of is the

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high quality of the music in their repertory. In all their two dozen ballets there is little music which falls below the level of genius. They have arranged for their use some of the best music of the nineteenth century. They have "interpreted" two or three works which stand in the first rank of orchestral music. And they have commissioned some of the most stimulating music that has been written in recent years. Igor Stravinsky, their composer in ordinary, they have made internationally known. Serge de Diaghileff, their patron and foster-father, has from the first insisted on a full orchestra of highest quality. All touring organizations have their severest trials with their orchestra. Especially under American union rules the expense of adequately rehearsing a specially formed orchestra is enormous. Nearly all such organizations as the Russian Ballet have been content either with a small or with an insufficiently rehearsed orchestra. Mme. Pavlowa has suffered peculiarly from this condition in America. Diaghileff, almost alone of such entrepreneurs, has made no compromise. He counted the huge expense into his essential budget. For years he refused urgent American offers because he would not risk compromises by lowering his demanded guarantee. The orchestra which he demands consists of four flutes, four oboes, four clarinets, four bassoons, four trumpets, four horns, three trombones and tuba, and the usual composition of string instruments on the basis of sixteen or twenty first violins. Three harps are absolutely necessary, in addition to four men for the percussion instruments. And every one of these must be a soloist of first rank.

Accordingly if you went to the Russian Ballet and kept your eyes shut you would still be getting your money's worth. Only a little of its music, such as that by Reynaldo Hahn for "The Blue God," is mediocre. Much of it consists of the familiar concert music which one always wants to hear again. The Schumann "Papillons" and "Carnival" still retain their sprightliness and color. The various nocturnes, waltzes and mazurkas of Chopin brought together for "Les Sylphides" are amiably sentimental, and are rather good to listen to in full orchestral panoply. Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" remains even to-day a work of genius. All these ballets, however, are among the more conventional achievements of the Russian dancers. They are the old spectacular ballet raised to the level of virtuosity.

It is when the Russians begin to work with the standard program music of the concert hall that they astonish us. From the orchestral works of the "neo-Russian" group of composers, now established classics, they have selected three or four masterpieces. "Thamar," by that wonderful pedagogue-amateur Balakireff, is filled with the pseudo-oriental color which was at one time regarded as a national type of Russian expression in music. "Shéhérazade" is an arrangement of Rimsky-Korsakoff's like-named "symphony"—one of the most magnificent examples of musical story-telling ever composed. Rimsky-Korsakoff's love of the ocean, gained when he was a naval officer in his youth, fills his opera "Sadko," which supplies the music for the ballet of the same name. From another opera, "Snowflake," comes the music for the "Soleil de Nuit," which is described on the program as "sacred Russian games." These two operas should long ago have been in the American repertory in place of some of the watery pieces of the French school that we have been hearing. There is the entire ballet of "Polovtsian Dances" taken from "Prince Igor," which recently received its first American performance at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. In these four works you have pictorial program music at the highest point attained in the whole nineteenth century. It is hardly possible for music to stimulate more acutely the sensuous imagination.

Perhaps the most individual and creative thing the Ballet has done is its "Afternoon of a Faun." Here it adopted an orchestral work bodily from the concert hall, "interpreting" it in most personal fashion. Debussy's "program music" is not that of Liszt and Strauss. It neither narrates nor pictures. It does not say, "This is what a faun does on a summer afternoon"; it says, "This is how you would feel if you were a faun on a summer afternoon." That is why it can justly be called impressionist music. Instead of translating a narrative into action, Nijinsky's ballet had to translate a group of impressions into decorative attitudes. You may like or dislike the weird result, but you realize that it opens a whole new field of music to choregraphic expression.

Ravel's radical impressionist work, "Daphnis and Chloë," written expressly for the Russian Ballet, is music of almost equal originality. Unfortunately it is one of the uncertain items in the repertory. But two other commissioned works, works of the utmost importance, have already been danced. These are Igor Stravinsky's "The Fire Bird" and "Petrouchka." From a purely musical standpoint they are of remarkable quality. The one is filled with musical pictures and colors, the other has already become one of the classics of musical humor. Intrinsically they are as strong as anything Rimsky-Korsakoff ever wrote: technically they are superior, looking forward to the "futurist" technique of recent years. In sheer richness of orchestration they equal or surpass any achievement of the modern Russian school. But they do more; they serve as a dating-point in

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the history of the ballet. They make the ballet what it has never been before—a complete and self-sufficient art. The great ballets of the eighteenth century were of the thin conventional type which scarcely permitted the exercise of the musician's genius. In the nineteenth century the first-class hands hardly touched the form at all. Now, in the twentieth, a composer of the first rank writes for the ballet as an organic dramatic performance. It is hardly too much to say that these works have done for the ballet what Wagner's early music dramas did for the opera. They raised it from a third-class to a first-class art. It is a pity that Diaghileff is unwilling to risk an American performance of Stravinsky's third great work, "The Consecration of Spring," which is, together with Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces," the last thing in modern music. Instead we have the "Soleil de Nuit," drawn from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snowflake," which should be very pretty.

In a way the Russian Ballet supplies the cap-sheaf to the music of the nineteenth century. It has made the final comment on program music. Pictorial and narrative music aroused the imagination, but people cannot remain always in an imaginative state. Imagination is a road to precise concepts. More and more, nineteenth century audiences came to demand them. The Russian Ballet supplied them. In a logical sense it brought program music to a close. At the same time it inaugurated a new type of musical art.

HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL.

A Strike Without Disorder

AN entire mining community in eastern Arizona has been on strike for nearly four months. Rather than submit to the terms of employment imposed by three large mining corporations, five thousand copper miners, their wives and children, are enduring deprivation and hunger. Though the people are in dire need, many of them actually starving, and though more than two-thirds are Mexicans, there has been no disorder. Not a single arrest has been made for violence. The mining towns of Greenlee county have never been more peaceful.

The maintenance of law and order, the absence of all those perversions or failures of government which accompanied the recent conflict in Colorado, may be attributed to the statesmanship of Governor George W. P. Hunt. In itself, remembering Colorado, one must regard this as an important achievement. By keeping out professional strikebreakers and armed guards the Governor adopted the only policy that can prevent serious internal disorder in this country. Not only organized labor but every thoughtful citizen must desire to see his course crowned with the success which alone will render it attractive as a precedent for other executives in city and state.

The strike began in September. It was the old story of pent-up resentment, born of petty abuses and misunderstandings in the hearts of men who found themselves inarticulate and their oppressors indifferent. Wages were lower than in the other Arizona copper camps, where the miners elected grievance committees and belonged to the union. In Clifton and Morenci they were unorganized, and there was no machinery for reaching the boss. They had suffered silently from the dishonesty and brutality of petty foremen who had sold jobs, conducted raffles, and in other ways taken advantage of the inarticulate Mexicans. Federal mediators heard a long tale of grievances, some real, others imaginary yet just as real to men who lacked opportunity to talk things over with the boss. The companies obeyed an eight-hour law but paid the men for seven hours and a half, deducting the time required to pass from the collar of the shaft to the working place and back again at the end of the shift. There was complaint of the leasing system, miners asserting that written leases either could not be secured or were cancelled as soon as miners working under this arrangement began to earn more than wages; or that they were not permitted to follow the ore to the smelter and verify its value. Mexicans were paid less than Americans doing the same sort of work, and although the American miners were satisfied with their higher wages, they joined in the strike in sympathy with the Mexicans. The strike spirit was not the result of agitation, but a thing of long, slow growth. An agent of the Western Federation of Miners merely touched the match. The strike was called without the authority of the Federation, and there was no money in the Federation treasury for strike benefits. Almost immediately the strikers became dependent on the confidence and generosity of friendly storekeepers. One after another the merchants at Clifton and neighboring camps have been forced to shut up shop and leave the district, ruined. There remains to relate the heartening side of this grim industrial tragedy.

When the miners struck, the local managers boarded an engine and fled from the district, leaving the towns in the possession of the strikers. At the same time they gave out statements asserting that the strikers were lawless and desperate, and appealing to the Governor for help. A situation was thus created favorable to the importation of armed guards and strikebreakers under military protection, and with the toleration of a public whose mind had been prepared for drastic measures.

Governor Hunt acted promptly, sending an agent

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to Clifton to investigate. The Adjutant-General in command of the state militia followed. They reported that the strikers were orderly, that they asked only a conference with the managers, and that their grievances were real. An agent of the Western Federation of Miners agreed to leave the district, and the strikers accepted the leadership of a committee of their own number. Governor Hunt sent a company of militia to patrol the district, and took a stand against the importation of armed guards and strikebreakers. About a thousand of the latter were held at Duncan, and the militia executed the Governor's order to keep them out of the strike zone.

Sheriff Cash of Greenlee county coöperated with the Governor. He appointed several strikers deputy sheriffs and set them to guarding the abandoned mining properties. The companies paid their wages as deputies and watchmen. Clifton, Morenci and Metcalfe have never been more orderly than during the past four months. Deputy sheriffs and militiamen aided in distributing supplies to the strikers and their families, and the best of feeling prevailed.

Governor Hunt urged a conference and settlement, but all his efforts, and those of the United States Department of Labor which sent two mediators, ended in failure. The men eagerly accepted any plan that promised a settlement based on compromise. The government mediators heard hundreds of witnesses behind closed doors, and later furnished the companies with detailed statements of the men's grievances. To all urgings that they meet the men half way the companies replied that the men must first return to work, and that only after the strike had been defeated would they make any concession. The men must not be allowed to feel that their organized effort had won them any advantage. One of the companies, Phelps, Dodge & Company, operates vastly larger properties elsewhere, and it was important that the tactics of its Clifton employes be discredited lest they be adopted at other mines.

Because the Governor had recognized the professional strikebreaker as a menace to the community and had used the state's authority to keep him out and to prevent violence, the mine owners through their control of newspapers began a campaign of denunciation that culminated in the circulation of recall petitions. But Governor Hunt had won the support not only of workmen but of many ranchers, merchants and others of the middle class. He was able to expose the payment of money to newspapers for printing plate matter favorable to the companies, and the recall campaign fell flat.

In a letter to the writer of this article Governor Hunt says of his policy: "In discouraging the importation of strikebreakers into the Clifton-Morenci district I have been actuated chiefly by the desire to avert bloodshed, to safeguard life and property, and to keep in view the possibility of amicable arbitration of differences between employers and employees. It is in my opinion hardly reasonable to suppose that any considerable body of workingmen will voluntarily initiate and endure the hardships that invariably attend a large strike without being firmly convinced that they have grievances which need adjustment and that their cause is one entitled to the painstaking consideration of the companies or individuals by whom they are employed.

"It follows, as I believe, that in the average case where the men are not deliberately rendered antagonistic and not amenable to reason by the importation of thugs and gunmen, any fair compromise acceded to by their employers will be met half way by the workingmen. While the Clifton-Morenci strike is as yet unsettled, it has not been characterized by that violence which marks the progress, not infrequently, of industrial disputes.

"It is, moreover, my opinion that a settlement might long ago have been reached, had the managers of the mines affected been reasonable in dealing with their former employes and shown a fair disposition to arbitrate existing differences involving conditions of employment.

"The men, as I am reliably informed, were willing to accept a part in lieu of the whole of that which they originally requested. In the absence, however, of their ability to gain any reasonable concessions whatever from their former employers, their best efforts toward arbitration necessarily failed. With the strike still in progress, it is of course impossible to predict at this time what the outcome will be."

That a strike of five thousand western miners can be policed without resort to armed guards, machine guns and detective agencies has thus been demonstrated. Whether the miners have escaped machine guns and gunmen to be whipped and cowed by hunger remains to be seen. The opportunity is present in Arizona for organized labor to prove that it can win its struggles for industrial democracy if only the government protects the strikers in their rights. The slow silent force of hunger, however, is mastering the spirit of the strikers. The Western Federation of Miners, weakened by the Butte disruption of 1914, cannot help, the American Federation of Labor seems powerless or listless. But unless funds are soon forthcoming, hunger will drive the men back to work.

This situation illustrates the dependence of labor on enlightened public opinion. The resources of the miners cannot compete with the resources of the owners, so long as the owners are able to keep above

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or beyond community criticism. And in Arizona they hold themselves so much above and beyond criticism as to insist that the miners must go back to work and abandon their organization before they will talk of reform or betterment, before they will make any slightest concession.

Here, then, is the lesson of strike policing. We are not done with the reckoning when we have acclaimed Governor Hunt's success. There remains our responsibility for institutions that leave the state powerless to interfere with a process by which a handful of owners in New York, Boston and Edinburgh can impose upon ten or fifteen thousand men and women the choice between surrendering their liberties or starving; can enforce so bitter a choice on men who live about the shafts of mines rich in ores for which the world offers wealth, who know how to mine those ores, who ask opportunity to work on terms deemed by government mediators to befit free men.

CORRESPONDENCE

Readers who favor us with correspondence are reminded that we cannot possibly print all letters that come to us, that those letters that are printed should hereafter be more brief, and that the short letter has in general a better chance of being printed than the long one.

Man's Help in Woman's Failure

SIR: Would you spank all the children in a kindergarten because they are not reasoning adults? Is that not what Miss Rebecca West does in her article in the issue of January 8th when she accuses women of being the "world's worst failure"? Women are still in the professional kindergarten, but the writer and those who agree with her expect them to display the wisdom and act in the manner of university graduates. Like children, they are somewhat bewildered by all the new things they encounter every day; they want to do everything they see and they want to do it all at once. It is only experiment and experience that develop a power to eliminate the unimportant and to choose wisely of the many offerings life has to make.

The greatest fault of which the women of to-day are guilty is their acquisitiveness, their eagerness and their willingness to take on new responsibilities, new tasks, and to forget meanwhile to discard some of the old inheritances. What grown man who is aware of his powers would attempt to build up a career and manage a household and bring up children? It is to be hoped that women, once they have learned to acknowledge and determine their limitations, will profit by the age-old example of man and delegate to others the tasks for which they have developed a distaste.

Meanwhile they may be doing such wasteful things as making themselves attractive to the other sex and committing the frightful blunder of sacrificing a more immediate success to be bought at the price of intense specialization, for the pleasures found in a variety of interests. Those who have known women who gave up all the inconsequentials that make life merry and restful for the undeviating pursuit of professional or commercial success may hope that the majority will continue to be pretty bad failures.

But there is fortunately always something between the worst and the best. In this instance it is the woman who gives to the work which she has deliberately chosen because she likes it, the best with which her personality is endowed. Enriched by what her work has given back to her, she cannot help but attract the best in man. It is to the credit of the man of to-day that he has already learned to appreciate what he finds in the woman who lives not to please him but to share with him the burdens he has been trying to carry alone. With his increasing scorn of her idleness he is already helping her out of whatever bankruptcy she may have suffered in the transition of ideals. For as he made of her a creature of elegance and obedience in the past, he is now intent that she shall become one of usefulness and independence in thought and action. It is futile to pretend that she is emancipating herself unaided by man. It is as unjust as to put upon her the entire blame for her failure in the past.

EVA ELISE VOM BAUR.

New York City.

What Happens to Small Neutrals

SIR: In a recent number of THE NEW REPUBLIC Mr. Belloc makes the statement that the German and Dutch Protestants were saved in their struggle against the Papal power by France. Mr. Belloc as a British subject of French extraction is entirely welcome to his own opinion. From my side allow me to say that Dutch historical scholarship is not aware of the claim put forward by the eminent English author.

Mr. Belloc must refer to some period between 1590 and 1648. We have the recollection of the high-treason of a brother of the King of France who betrayed the position of trust offered to him by the Dutch Protestants. We know that during the Thirty Years' War the strange international combinations also produced a temporary coöperation between France and Holland, but this did not mean that either country saved the other. Since that time we remember France chiefly as a ruthless aggressor and a very hard taskmaster during the period of Napoleonic domination, which meant the systematic theft of all our worldly goods and put our normal development backward for more than two generations. All this of course is ancient history and there certainly is no bitterness of feeling. I would not refer to it here if our excellent friends across the Channel would kindly refrain from using historical analogies dating back to the late stone age.

But may I use this opportunity to state once more the position of the successful Dutch Protestants, the modern kingdom of the Netherlands, and that of the other small neutral nations as far as I personally understand their position.

The small neutrals are tenants living among a group of rich and mighty landowners. A few times during each century these powerful neighbors have a quarrel among

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themselves. Then they trample across the fields of the humble folk around them, disregard all their ancient rights and privileges, enforce such laws upon them as are convenient to their own interests, and tell the neutrals that all these gross acts of injustice are committed to defend the entire world against some brutal enemy whose principles ought not to prevail.

When the small neutral Powers state that the quarrel certainly was not of their making and that they wish to keep out of it, they are informed that they are shortsighted and ungrateful cowards who ought to be willing to make a few sacrifices for the ultimate good of the righteous cause. But since both sides invariably fight for the "righteous cause" it is hard to make a choice.

On the other hand, will you kindly remember what happens when one of the small nations of Europe is attacked by one of the group of dreadnought countries? Then the others do not move a single soldier or sacrifice a lone penny to defend the "cause of righteousness." In a few isolated instances, if the murder in Warsaw happens to be a bit too shocking or if the grab of a few provinces by some bully constitutes too flagrant a breach of international decency, then London, Paris or Rome sends polite expressions of regret. Hence, after centuries of such treatment, the small European nations feel thoroughly convinced that they can never expect fair treatment from their powerful rivals. Hence their absolute refusal to participate in the present struggle. Thus far I have merely given destructive criticism. May I, without any official authority, offer a bit of advice to Mr. Belloc and those gentlemen who would desire to see the cause of the Allies victorious. The small nations of Europe, whatever their defects, are no fools. They know very well which set of principles would ultimately be of the greatest benefit to all the world. But do they have any guarantee of the good faith of the Allies? Have the Allies thus far shown that really and truly they are not fighting for their own pocketbooks but for the establishment of a system of international ethics which will allow each nation to work out its own salvation after its own wishes and without interference from its neighbors? Have the spokesmen of the Allies made it clear to the neutral nations of Europe that the Allied governments are not fighting to substitute one undesirable system for another? Thus far the people of the neutral nations of Europe have anxiously and eagerly awaited a definite and solemn declaration of such an intention. Until they have received such an assurance they will continue to distrust the Allies quite as much as they distrust the Germans.

Make it clear that this is not a war for mere spoils but a struggle to establish the principle which will turn the earth from a slaughterhouse into a fairly livable planet, and the neutral nations, both big and small, will unmistakably show to which side in the present conflict they have given their entire and most loyal sympathy.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Cornell University,
Ithaca, N. Y.

How Act on the Difference?

SIR: As a baffled reader of THE NEW REPUBLIC, may I ask for enlightenment?

Your editorial, "A Negligible Germany," in the number for December 25th, is ostensibly an answer to Mr. Hillaire Belloc's communication "To an End with Prussia." Yet you speak only of Germany, while Mr. Belloc attacks Prussia and Prussia alone. It seems impossible that you are blind to the difference between "Prussia," that archetype of strangling military oligarchy, and the democratic German nation caught in its clutches. If, however, you are not blind to this distinction, the substitution of "Germany" for "Prussia" in your reply to Mr. Belloc comes perilously near to misrepresentation. On the horns of this dilemma—that one must think you either dull of wit or devious-minded—I ask for some third interpretation.

HENRY COPLEY GREENE.

Boston, Mass.

[Note: In the letter to which Mr. Greene refers, Mr. Belloc in one part attacked Prussia, in another part the Prussian tradition, and in another part "the enemy." The enemy the Allies are fighting is the German Empire, which includes the whole body of the German people. The German people themselves can if they please discriminate between Prussia and the rest of the Empire. In what way the Allies can do it without interfering with a matter of German domestic organization which is none of their business is beyond our understanding.—THE EDITORS.]

Non-Morals for Critics

SIR: To those of us who still stick to a neutrality program the charge that THE NEW REPUBLIC is pro-German is a surprise. We had regretted for weeks that THE NEW REPUBLIC had definitely abandoned neutrality, as we understood it, in favor of the Allies.

Of the three possible attitudes toward the matter—the formally neutral, the not neutral but still critical, the passionate acceptance of one side—two, the first and the last of these, seem to be governed by what are termed moral principles. The second, as it becomes a definite method of approach to circumstances, needs more and more to eliminate prejudice for any particular conception of morals. It is non-moral.

The war is illustrating ever more intensely the particularity of our moral conceptions. The English conception of morality is particular; the German conception of morality in particular; as are the Russian, French, and so on. These nations are fighting on moral bases; they are supported by moral enthusiasm; but morals with particular centers and in many cases with particular precept and theory. Germany in Belgium is encroaching evidently not on German morals but on English and Allied morals, while England in her blockade and starvation activities may be encroaching on German morals and not upon her own. From many examples, most of which may be traced to varying moral conception of the state, the particulaity of the moral ideas of the belligerents is evident. The pro-Englishman is quick to observe that German morality is too specialized to be applied even to that part of the race called German, while he may be critical enough to admit that English moral conceptions are after all not universal but English; that morals, in a word, are fashioned by their human situation.

These specialized moralities are recognized by those who take a not neutral but still critical attitude toward the war. When Germany has one morality and England another, when the world is in a fight with no peaceful residue great enough to dignify other moral opinion, where can there be authority for a generally right moral system? People have in the past fallen back on world opinion, Christian opinion, but Denmark, Scandinavia and half a dozen neutrals in the United States are now all that is left of this general judgment-seat world opinion. World moral opinion is, to be

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frank, a puny, indecisive factor incomparable with the energy and thrust of national morality, and to speak of a great nation outlawed by world morality is careless emotion. The not neutral critic must come to the conclusion that there is no general moral issue in the war.

This is not the indifferentism that it sounds. There may be no international morals but there are, decidedly, national morals. The not neutral but critical person recognizes in his attitude that the ultimate authority of any scheme of practical morals is national. It is so national that it cannot be imposed on other nations without a fight. That there is now no further authority underlying this nationality of morals is shown by the great evident fact that the nations are fighting it out. Germany and German morals, Japan and Japanese moral conduct, for example, are different matters without a common authority for appeal. It is not a cynical or despondent attitude; it is admitting that the state is not subject to an authority external to itself. The critic may be not neutral, but the critic cannot be passionately or morally not neutral; in discussing relations between foreign states he can raise no general moral issue, for each state is sovereign of its own moral scheme.

The neutral attitude and the passionate acceptance of one side are on the other hand essentially moral in principle. Passionate non-neutrality means the uncritical acceptance of one nation's or one belligerent's system of morals and adding to it the drive and exuberance of emotion. It could not be fully moral, perhaps, without this passion, for a critical morality is a doubtful reality. That the person devoted to this not neutral cause chooses it of his own volition does not change his moral basis or its particularity. The fact that an effective department of humanity—the enemy—numbering some hundred million has another set of morals proves his own to be particular.

The neutral attitude is accepting America's present moral attitude as one's own. It is national and, for those who undertake it, a requirement of patriotism. It is, first, assuming the responsibility of the nation upon one's own citizenship; sceond, refusing to judge the morals of other nations before America is directly concerned—up to that time there can be no basis for judgment; third, refusing, as an act of loyalty, to go further in an opinion of such matters as an individual than America as a state has gone. This last is of course a difficulty inherent in the foreign relations of democracies and is open to the question, "How can American opinion progress?" "It is important," answers the neutral, "but not more so than the nationalism of one opinion."

BAKER BROWNELL.

Emporia, Kansas.

Diagnosing Mr. Wilson's Errors

SIR: I read your editorial on "The Roosevelt Method" with a large measure of rueful approval. It is quite true that Mr. Wilson's policy has been and apparently must continue to be weak and inefficient in that it does not take circumstances by the forelock. As the responsible defender of our neutral rights, Mr. Wilson has again and again been caught unprepared by the ramifications of the world-war. But this is not merely a personal failure. It is the failure of the whole theory of what we may call "passive neutrality"—the belief that a neutral need not worry about the preservation of his own rights so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of the belligerents. This was the theory on which was based the President's original neutrality proclamation, a statement of position which at the time of its utterance was generally regarded as adequate to the situation. It would have been regarded as almost outside the sphere of practical politics (I mean practical international politics) for us to have protested against the invasion of Belgium; it would have been regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as an unwarrantable and unfriendly act for us to have entered a case against England before she had given us specific offence. That was the feeling of all of us at the time of golden opportunity. Bitter experience has made us realize that such an attitude is inadequate; that neutrals in maintaining their rights will henceforward have to vie with belligerents in aggressive and forehanded action.

But is it fair to compare Mr. Wilson's method, however great its failures, with another method which, by an *ex post facto* hypothesis, you assign potentially to Mr. Roosevelt? Just as is his criticism of our present policy, to the best of my knowledge Mr. Roosevelt has as yet advanced no constructive proposals for us to consider and perhaps to act upon, no suggestions for realizing our new hope of an active neutrality. If the Wilson method has as yet only shown its inability to cope with the emergency, has "the Roosevelt method" yet shown more than an ability to diagnose past errors, supplemented by a readiness to criticise the individuals rather than the causes responsible for these errors? I have written this letter because it would seem that while you have been writing in terms of facts you have been thinking in terms of personalities. And if you open your columns to a discussion of Mr. Roosevelt's personality you will indeed become a journal of opinion!

GRAHAM ALDIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

An Englishman Quotes an Ex-President

SIR: I have read with great interest the articles, "America's Part Among Nations" and "An Alliance with Great Britain," the subject of which would once have thrilled me with hope and with enthusiasm for the great, if Utopian, ideal. How is it that to-day I am filled only with dull despair at the hopelessness of it? You write: "The obstacles to an understanding in this country are more serious than the obstacles in Great Britain." Is it possible you do not feel or understand?

I have searched in vain for words that should aptly bring that understanding to you. To-day they come pat from the mouth of your ex-President: "A nation too timid to protect its own men, women and children from murder and outrage and too timid even to speak on behalf of Belgium . . ." must give Great Britain a quarter of a century in which to forget.

CECIL C. BREWER.

Wallingford, England.

Even if Germans Were Criminals

SIR: The whole discussion about the punishment of the Germans for their outrageous acts against civilization reminds me very forcibly of the discussion of the correct treatment of criminals.

For a long time the fundamental reason for imprisoning offenders against the law was to punish them. This system, however, has completely failed to achieve the final purpose of all law, a society in which there shall be no crime. We are now trying a system of reform, with little or no punishment involved.

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To those righteous people who would rise to punish the Germans, I think the foregoing should be an apposite example. Granted that the Germans are criminal offenders against the underlying laws of nations, how are we going to treat them? By getting angry and punishing them, seems to be the verdict of a good many. Even if the United States could defeat and punish the Germans severely, they would not be convinced of their wrongdoing, any more than the criminal was. Their only desire, as was his, would be to bide their time for another outbreak, their only fault the error of being caught. They might feel as a nation what the old time criminal felt as a man, that the whole world was against them.

As with the criminal we look into his environment to explain his crimes and to remedy his ailments, as we have come to call them, so we must look to the German environment if we are to reform Germany. And the reformer must praise judiciously as well as blame. We as a neutral nation could have been a possible reformer of Germany; but we have almost lost that power by the general condemnation of all Germany's acts and the praise or at least condonation of all of the deeds of the Allies.

EVA A. FRANK.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Concerning Schönberg's Music

SIR: I have an aunt who has a passion for the music of Arnold Schönberg. She took me to hear the quartet, the sextet, the chamber symphony, the tone-poem "Pelleas und Melisanda." At the close of each performance she cried ecstatically, "It's like hearing a new 'Tristan.'" She plays the second of the "Three Pieces for Piano" because "it sounds just like Chopin in spots," and her desire for the close of the war is largely inspired by a wish to go to Germany and hear the "Gurrelieder."

My aunt is not a professional critic, and yet I think her "It's like hearing a new 'Tristan'" sounder criticism of Schönberg than your interesting article of December 25th.

Your article made, if I remember aright, a plea for fair-minded consideration of the works in Schönberg's later style, on the ground that since the man had so long written music that was like Wagner and Strauss, his new music, which seems frankly ugly, must be an absolutely sincere product. And I suppose you mean by artistic sincerity the production on the part of the artist only of works that he himself feels to be beautiful and in which he expresses his sense of beauty; and by artistic insincerity the usurpation by technique of that portion of the work that should proceed from the emotions.

Certainly one cannot accuse Schönberg of insincerity in his earlier works. They are so sincere that they have demonstrated to the world once for all how much of a romanticist—an 1860 German romanticist—the composer is. There is no question of plagiarism. But there is a question of originality, for that lies not in the technical means of which he makes use to express himself, but in what he has to express. If it were a matter of complicated harmonies and polyphonic voice-leading, Schönberg would be the most original of all living composers, for in erudition, in technical resources, he has no equal. The trouble is that his inspiration is not very fresh. In fact it is rather Wagnerian. Again and again while listening to the man's compositions I have the sensation that beneath all this technical splendor there pulsate the emotions of a sort of musical Swinburne, comprehensible enough as a product of a Victorian time, but ridiculous when taken as an expression of our own day. That is what my aunt meant when she cried, "A new 'Tristan'!"

She likes Schönberg for being a romanticist of the good old sort. For the same reason I find him disappointing. Not that I dislike the romanticists. They express their age's revolt against prudery, just as Bach expressed in his music the Protestantism of the eighteenth century, and Beethoven in his the ideas of the French Revolution, the "return to nature"; and the expression they gave to their age was what made them great. It seems to me that what makes them modern even to-day was that they realized for all eternity the feelings of their age. Schönberg's music was old when it was written, for the day during which it was being written is not in it. This day is in the fine naturalism of Maurice Ravel, in the great democratic art of Stravinsky, so deeply rooted in the spirit of his own Russian people. It is in the music of Leo Ornstein, that voice of the densely crowded cities, of the factories and mines. But in the music of Arnold Schönberg there is only a belated romanticism. And then, suddenly, he develops a "new" style, and becomes "modern."

It may be that all the rest was only apprenticeship, and that here he is himself. Certainly, the "new 'Tristan'" cannot be found in the two sets of piano pieces, the orchestra pieces, the melodrama "Lieder des Pierrot Lunaire." Before finding himself every genius traverses a period during which he speaks with the tongues of his masters. When finally he finds himself, he says his own thoughts with his own voice. Wagner was already himself in the "Flying Dutchman," Brahms in the Sonata Op. 5. But Schönberg's development had been mainly in the realm of technique. His preöccupation with form has always been evident. There is a great deal of Doctor of Music about the man, and of late his theories have interested him more than have his emotions. And just during this period of experimentation with musical theory there comes this "modern" style. There is something so labored, so dead about the works in this new manner that one catches oneself wondering whether these little pieces aren't entirely head-music, technical studies, experiments pure and simple, far removed from the finished product every work of art is. If they are such, we can at once cease to worry ourselves over a composer who believes that beauty can be mechanically created.

P. L. ROSENFELD.

New York City.

As to a German Revolution

SIR: Mr. Frank Jewett Mather thinks that satisfactory terms of peace cannot be contemplated until Germany shows some signs of conversion. A revolution would constitute such a sign since it would mean a repudiation of the ruling classes. But is a continuation of the war the only way to bring about such a revolution? It should obviously be intelligent—not the mere blind uprising of a people who have suffered beyond endurance and are distracted by poverty and want. Before that stage is reached a strong condemnation of the ends and aims of the war might be made not only in Germany but in other countries by an outraged people if the terms of peace were clearly stated. If the great majority of German people knew just what they were sending their sons to die for, the repudiation of their rulers might be hastened. At any rate it could do nothing but good if the participants were to throw a little more light on their gigantic "moral" conflict.

HARRIET FOX WHICHER.

Amherst, Mass.

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After the Play

TWO programs in New York to-day make a special promise to the adventuring playgoer. One, Emanuel Reicher's, is an experiment in transplantation. The other, the Washington Square Players', is an experiment in incubation. Both are more or less insurgent from Broadway. In Mr. Reicher's case the public is asked to leave the beaten track to see a foreigner and a foreigner's scratch company in a play of great reputation. In the case of the Washington Square Players it is not the reputation of the dramas or the actors, but their freshness and audacity, that is expected to conquer the lethargic. Each of the experiments partly allures and partly intimidates the man who wants to see "a good play."

How Mr. Reicher fulfils his promise with "The Weavers" has already been recorded in these columns. It is a vivid experience to see this Hauptmann play, to be taken with such a large dramatic sweep into the fortunes of oppressed workers, the children of a deep, humorous, sympathetic, inclusive heart. These are not the socially afflicted people of a journalistic mind, a mind concentrated on the theatrical punch and wallop. They are human beings more real to some of us than the ill-reported strikers of Houghton and Lawrence, and if the story is humanitarian it is also candid, escaping mawkishness and reformer's cant. Except for those who want obvious excitement or obvious entertainment, "The Weavers" is a richly satisfactory projection of a communal fate. To miss it is to let slip one of the few unqualified advantages of being in New York.

In the program of the Washington Square Players no such boon as "The Weavers" is conferred. To look for such an accomplishment, however, would be mistaken. The aim of the Players is at once humbler and more ambitious. It is to give scope in the Bandbox Theatre to an originality that would otherwise have to submerge or conform. In their new bill there is one adaptation, a comedy by Frank Wedekind. The other productions bear names as yet unfamiliar on Broadway—Lewis Beach, Philip Moeller, Josephine A. Meyer, Lawrence Langner. These productions represent the real mission of the group.

Nothing about the actual Bandbox Theatre, it must be said, suggests any tempestuous insurgency. In a Pink Room off the lobby there is an exhibition of drawings by Clara Tice. In the lobby itself a handful of dramatic works is on sale. But beyond these two mild divergences the scene is most orthodox. From the Knabe piano to the I. P. Frink Synthetic Stage Lighting Equipment, from the superb carriage-man to the noisy late-comers, everything is ordered in the best Broadway style. If there was anything in Greenwich Village that threatened the deportment of the regular theatre, it has evanesced in the hard trek to 57th street. The ushers, it is true, are still unstereotyped. There is still a chance for excitement in seeking a program. But the carriage-man in livery marks a submissiveness. Long are the tentacles of the octopus New York.

And behind the footlights of the Bandbox Theatre, it seems to me, the octopus is also insinuating its cunning feelers. A great deal of deftness is shown in the manipulation of the little stage. The scenes of the pantomime in the new bill, to give a single instance, are handled with much skill in small compass. The costumes and settings are excellently conceived. A lighter touch is being mastered in the comedies of manner. There is a greater cleverness and wit and badinage. But of originality that would otherwise be compelled to submerge or conform, of genius loosed from the trammels of the regular commercial manager, of freedom a-shriek, there are not many traces. In the labor of establishing a medium for the purveyance of their dramas, the Washington Square Players seem to have partially sacrificed the dramas they designed to purvey.

It is not that whimsicality, for example, is not the loveliest use to which a theatre could be turned. The intention back of Mr. Moeller's "Roadhouse in Arden" is an intention the most ingratiating. But what is there to choose between Henry Arthur Jones laboring to be funny in "The Cock o' the Walk" and Mr. Moeller laboring to be funny in his "Roadhouse"? The marriage of Hamlet to Cleopatra was a happy conceit. It alone could have supplied Mr. Moeller with his theme. But that old dreary conjunction of Shakespeare and Bacon, that heavy allegory of immortality and youth—it amused the audience, but it was a second-rate, propelled amusement. On Broadway, yes. This is precisely the level of Broadway. But not as a sample of what our *emancipés* can do. The margin between excellence and competence may here be very slight, and no one can say Mr. Moeller is not competent. But with such a setting as the Bandbox Theatre provides, with all the aspiration for the Players that is genuinely and widely felt, with Broadway itself so competent, the failure of comedy to perfect itself in an environment so favoring should certainly not be disguised.

And at the risk of seeming doubly serious, I confess to the same lack of elation over the marionette pantomime. Here is a thing that to be captivating should have more than a lively facetiousness and a healthy desire to please. It should not assume its audience to be children. It should, by fancy, grace and surprise, convert its audience into children. Pantomime is the most amusing of all modes of expression, the most graphic, the most artificial, the most difficult. Gloucester was wrong in thinking it easy to "smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog, duck with French nods and apish courtesy." To master this idiom requires an art more consummate than the Washington Square Players even suggested.

In "The Tenor," by Frank Wedekind, however, and especially in "The Clod," by Lewis Beach, the new bill at the Bandbox is a success. It was well worth all the self-indulgent experimentation of the lighter pieces, well worth all the misplaced concession to stock whimsicality and humor, to have made so fortunate a production as "The Clod." If comedy fails it is like a slip in dancing. One risks humiliation. But if tragedy fails one endangers everything. It is like a slip of the surgeon's knife. And that failure, so common in the lacerating, scarring productions of the Grand Guignol, is beautifully avoided in Mr. Beach's short play, "The Clod." Mr. Beach gives us one little incident of the Civil War. In a wretched homestead on the border line between North and South there dwell an elderly farmer and his harassed drudge of a wife. They are invaded by a fugitive and his pursuers. It is a case of "frightfulness." The woman is bullied hatefully. But when at last one of the irate soldiers calls her a "hag" there is a swift and dreadful climax, a flame from the clod. Except for the verbiage of the refugee, the scene rings true. Especally true is the woman.

That the Washington Square Players can discover, stage and manage such genuine pieces as "The Clod" is by all odds the main feature of their experiment. Triumphs may eventually be achieved in bijou productions, pantomimes, skits and "incidental tinklings." But even with symptoms of New York smartness in this direction there is ample compensation in the Clods.

F. H.

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Books and Things

SOMEWHERE in the writings of a critic whom it is unsafe for lovers of a quiet life to name nowadays, so great is still his power to irritate our more youthful moderns, it is said that the strongest of all literary influences is that of works upon works. We want to do something different from what has already been done—there you have the origin and the active principle of changes in taste and of literary revolutions. If we take a look at contemporary English literature, keeping Brunetière's assertion in mind, we may succeed in wondering why no younger playwright had tried to write plays as different as possible from Bernard Shaw's. Nothing is easier, I admit, than to write plays which lack his wit and his power of effective statement. To achieve this kind of difference we have only to be as fuzzily inarticulate and as dull as it has pleased God to make us. But to write plays or novels which are essentially a denial of Shaw's major premise is a job beneath nobody's powers. It is this major premise which gives him most of his coherence, most of his unity, most of his unlikeness to life. I cannot help wondering why it has provoked no younger writer to accurate symmetrical revolt.

Imagine, if you please, an Italian author, either a novelist or a dramatist, who lived in seventeenth century Florence, and who was very brilliant and witty in his attacks upon the notion that heavy bodies fall earthward with velocities proportional to their weights. Imagine him writing a story or a play about a Florentine armorer, who had for years been living apart from his family, who reëntered their lives, who almost at once set about converting them to the true faith of an armorer, namely, that "the path described by a projectile, being the result of the combination of a uniform transverse motion with a uniformly accelerated vertical motion, must, apart from the resistance of the air, be a parabola," who kept on expounding this faith until he had converted some members of his family and had deeply impressed them all. Imagine our author classifying his men and women according to their belief or disbelief in the ansated form of Saturn, in the moon's diurnal and monthly librations, in the earth's diurnal motion of rotation, in the immovability of the sun. In one sense, to be sure, such a classification would correspond to reality, just as it is true to-day that the population of Chicago is divided into those who know and those who do not know how to extract the cube root of a given number. And the Italian's would indeed be a more significant classification, because in Italy, in the seventeenth century, if you knew that a man eagerly accepted or as eagerly repudiated Galileo's beliefs you already knew a good deal about him.

Shaw's classification of men and women is even more significant. His comedy, if we lump all his plays together and overlook their variations from type, challenges what passes current as good sense to have another look at itself, to listen to questions, to admit doubts, to conclude that it isn't good sense after all. The mistakes made by his mistaken persons involve whole ways of looking at the whole world. Being also extremely widespread and popular, with the most respectable labels gummed all over them, they have forced upon Shaw the task of manufacturing a public opinion which can see these mistakes as he sees them, and condemn them with his condemnation. In playing against them he has very wisely loaded the dice. He has represented the persons whose opinions he thinks right as outarguing and triumphing over the persons whose opinions he thinks wrong, as nearly always victorious in discussion. Nor is this all. His critics of popular morality are represented as not only victorious in particular discussions, but as many sizes larger intellectually than popular morality's defenders. Shaw's major premise is that the way to find out what is best worth knowing about a man is to ask whether his most general ideas are Shaw's or not Shaw's.

This I put forward not as a description of Shaw comedy, but only of that comedy when regarded solely as a possible provocation to younger writers who are looking for a chance to innovate. From my standpoint it wouldn't much matter whether they thought Shaw's opinions right or wrong. They might be willing to concede, their plays or novels might even be the gainers if they conceded, that Shaw's opinions and right opinions are interchangeable terms. Looking about them with their eyes open they would notice that although it takes brains to acquire right opinions when these are new, right opinions which are old are often found in heads without brains. They would admit that brains otherwise exceptionally powerful often entertain the very wrongest opinions, and often lack general ideas of any kind. Their novels and plays would be written to emphasize now the impotence of intellectual strength when coupled with a totally wrong view of the world, now the negligibility of right views when their holder is a duffer. The innovator's game, you see, would be merely to insist that the rightness or wrongness of a man's opinions upon institutions or morals does not necessarily imply what it nearly always implies in Shaw comedy, and that to classify people according to their opinions is to make only one of many possible and significant classifications.

Realists on one side, romantic idealists and sentimentalists on the other—this division of mankind has been in Shaw's hands a lethal and glittering sword, but any such arbitrary division is unjust to the complexity of the world. You couldn't measure Samuel Pepys by such a ruler. He was a realist in business. Mr. Wheatley goes so far as to call him "one of the ablest men that ever lived." His general ideas are fairly represented by his fancy that death would be no bad thing if it were one long dream of Lady Castlemaine. Pepys couldn't get into Shaw comedy without getting defaced and diminished. Neither could Cardinal Newman, a formidable antagonist in discussion, but possessed of general opinions which would make him appear in Shaw comedy as he did to Carlyle, who said he had or had not, I forget which, "the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit."

In our own day we need look no further in our search for a man not to be judged by his opinions, say, of current morality, than Mr. Elihu Root. He has never examined current morality with his real mind, has never taught his followers that it is right to do something commonly deemed wrong, or wrong to do something commonly deemed all right. This is true of him, and by no means irrelevant. But to see Mr. Root so is to see only a small part of him. I should like to read a novel, or see a play, in which he was the central figure, in which he would out-argue all his opponents, would triumph over everybody else in discussion, would be dialectically victorious all along the line, and in which events, stronger and more persuasive than any of his human adversaries, would end by confuting him utterly, by putting him to rout, by proving that his most imbecile opponent had been right in opinion.

P. L.

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"The Immortal Residue"

Verse, by Adelaide Crapsey. Rochester, New York: The Manas Press.

AT the foot of one of these verses there are the sinister words "Saranac Lake, N. Y., 1914." The last year of Miss Crapsey's life was spent in exile at a "health" resort there. She died October 8th, 1914, aged thirty-five.

That she was young, that she regretted to give up life, and that she was doomed to die, we know from this writer herself. But one must say respectfully that it is to ask too little of art to confuse its appeal with the person's. Genuine poetry is not dependent on a special situation. It provides its own setting. It is Miss Crapsey's triumph that in spite of an alien appeal she was an exquisite artist.

These verses are in one sense the flower of a fatality. They were written in the shadow of death and they commemorate the hours that escorted the poet to her end. But so finely did Miss Crapsey avail herself of her circumstance that she integrated it, a peculiarly unhappy circumstance, into peculiarly delicate and touching poetry.

Certain five-line stanzas in a form her own may be quoted to illustrate Miss Crapsey's greatest gift, a decorative one. In the heightened and narrowed intensity of these impressions one may detect a pathology. They are written by moonlight rather than sunlight, thin, eliminative, crepuscular. But each one of them has witchery. The first is a thing overheard, November Night:

> Listen. . . .
> With faint dry sound,
> Like steps of passing ghosts,
> The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees
> And fall.

Another is a thing seen, The Warning:

> Just now,
> Out of the strange
> Still dusk. . . . as strange, as still. . . .
> A white moth flew. Why am I grown
> So cold?

Another is a thing felt, The Guarded Wound:

> If it
> Were lighter touch
> Than petal of flower resting
> On grass, oh still too heavy it were,
> Too heavy!

These are but gestures, exclamations before the insupportable or the infinite, yet they carry fine suggestion. And Miss Crapsey could well employ such a form to speak of The Grand Canyon:

> By Zeus!
> Shout word of this
> To the eldest dead! Titans,
> Gods, Heroes, come who have once more
> A home!

Apart from their speaker, some of these utterances are orphan. This is their weakness. But read in the little volume as they come, in the hovering presence of their author, they are strangely eloquent. For a strong sense of that author's personality accumulates. It is pleasantly acquired from the reverential quaintness of a "Cradle-Song." It is satisfied by a dry wit in "Expenses" and a free romance in "The Witch." It is deepened by such images as she gives of the landscape from which she shrank, "Grey road, grey fields, wind and a bitter rain." But the most predisposing poems are those that frankly or mordantly dwell on death and make of her book a veritable "funeral urn."

> And if the many sayings of the wise
> Teach of submission I will not submit,
> But with a spirit all unreconciled
> Flash an unquenched defiance to the stars.
> Better it is to walk, to run, to dance,
> Better it is to laugh and leap and sing,
> To know the open skies of dawn and night,
> To move untrammeled down the flaming noon,
> And I will clamor it through weary days
> Keeping the edge of deprivation sharp,
> Nor with the pliant speaking on my lips
> Of resignation, sister to defeat.
> I'll not be patient. I will not lie still.

This quotation is not so characteristic of Miss Crapsey as those in which she exhibited her sharp delight in design—in pellucid phrasing, in definite vision, in cadence crisp and sweet. "The Lonely Death" is more characteristic:

> In the cold I will rise, I will bathe
> In waters of ice; myself
> Will shiver, and shrive myself,
> Alone in the dawn, and anoint
> Forehead and feet and hands;
> I will shutter the windows from light,
> I will place in their sockets the four
> Tall candles and set them aflame
> In the grey of the dawn; and myself
> Will lay myself straight in my bed,
> And draw the sheet under my chin.

Cold fire like this is rare. It is to be found in more than one of these verses. It came out of the most real of all desires, the desire for mere life.

When Charles Lamb wrote his confessions of a drunkard he gave an intensely intimate experience. He appealed to his reader's social consciousness as well as his æsthetic, and moved him as by a personal interview. It was effectual, but there was something about it that Lamb instinctively disliked. He threatened, as I dimly recall, to amplify his revelations by publishing the harrowing memoirs of a water-drinker. Such a reaction is certainly understandable. Direct experience is suggestive to all creative artists, but it is a limited spirit that confines itself to direct experiences, and a dull and literal soul that seeks so to attribute creation. What an artist feels and says is personally conditioned. The more we know about the artist as a person, the more intelligible, in one sense, his work becomes. The epilepsy of Dostoëvsky, the opium of Coleridge, the Catholicism of Francis Thompson, the affluence of Browning, the unhappy marriage of George Meredith—these things were influential, affected their victims' susceptibility, determined in some degree their production. It is inevitable that such facts should be considered. But discretion has to be used in giving heed to autobiography. Art cannot be grossly esti-

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mated as a human document. Criticism cannot be converted into a perpetual discussion and elucidation of personalities. An artist is first of all concerned with the realities that he encompassed and administrates. It is these, not the personality through which he attains his realities, that should chiefly be considered.

Just for this reason too great emphasis may be placed on Miss Crapsey's fate. Sensations of pity may mingle with, and vitiate, sensations of beauty. But her emotion was true and poignant, her craft exacting, her spirit the artist's. She should be reckoned and warmly cherished as a poet.

F. H.

Walter Bagehot

The Collected Works of Walter Bagehot: With a Life by Mrs. Russell Barrington. Ten Volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $25.00 net.

THE reputation of Walter Bagehot has in nowise diminished in the forty years that have passed since his death. People are beginning to understand a little of the lasting significance of what he achieved. He was the first man to make finance arrestingly intelligible to ordinary men and women. It is no longer possible to whisper of Lombard Street as of a home of certain Eleusinian mysteries. It was Bagehot's triumph that he made the Bank act pass into the current coin of conversation. That English constitution which Blackstone deformed, and de Tocqueville almost failed to discover, it is no exaggeration to say he in some sense created. Certainly his influence is directly perceptible in the form and content of its modern history. Nor was this all. He was probably the first man adequately to appreciate the significance of Darwinism for social theory. Despite nearly fifty years of progressive interpretation, not even the general acceptanee of Weismannism has supplanted his "Physics and Politics" as incomparably the best introduction to its subject. And when it is remembered that these books are only a tithe of his work, that he struggled all his life with ill-health and domestic misfortune, that he was at once a banker and the editor of the most important political weekly of his time, it is difficult to resist the judgment that his was among the most creative minds of the nineteenth century.

What was his secret? It lay, surely, in the vigorous clarity of his insight. Bagehot had the supreme good fortune to be probably the most brilliant amateur of the Victorian age. If he had a profession it was that of the interested but detached observer. He had that kind of mind which is at once methodical and penetrating. It seemed impossible to conceal from him the heart of any subject. The youth of twenty-five who witnessed the coup d'état of 1851 had but in 1870 to re-edit his early prediction—perhaps with a little less ungenial irony. Add to that quality a pen which was able invariably and effortlessly to say his thought in words precisely calculated to convey it, and one begins to have some general idea of the nature of the high service he performed.

Rightly to understand him one ought perhaps to begin with the "Physics and Politics" and regard the rest of his work as the consequence of that effective naturalism. The strength of that book lies in the vivid way in which he entraps in a phrase the elusive secret of primitive personality, the quick, almost startling manner in which he reveals it, so that its significance flashes almost upon the consciousness. It was here that he served the need Mr. Graham Wallas has supplied so brilliantly in our own day—that of making all political analysis fundamentally psychological. He is never satisfied until he has related institutions to men; and his men are almost hauntingly the people you can meet every day in Broadway or the Strand. It was, in fact, his discovery that man is neither a demigod nor a fallen angel. He took his stand by an ape-ancestry and did not shrink from the conclusion that man is therefore human.

So that when he came to the analysis of political and economic conditions he had already the equipment of a faultless method. Whether you read "Lombard Street" or the more abstract "Economic Studies," the whole value of them lies in their psychological naturalism. All Bagehot's work is essentially dynamic in conception. He does not attempt, because he disapproves, the crude statics of the orthodox economist. "Lombard Street" is not the analysis of an ideal banking system to be found, possibly, in Utopia. It is the simple study of what happens when seven middle-aged merchants in the city of London manage a very special institution in a very special way. That the financial system of the world depended upon their success would have interested him less than the fact that from the study of their methods and results he could depict the working psychology of the average business man. The reviewers who called it as fascinating as a novel were, for once, exactly right. It was a novel because it was a picture, an interpretation, of an important piece of life. It remains as the classic description of an economic institution at work.

His approach to the "English Constitution" is in nowise dissimilar. Institutions are to him the expression of character; and so he views King, Lords, and Commons as secreted in the nature of Englishmen. It is less important

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to-day that he should first have revealed the part played by the Cabinet as the buckle which binds the several parts of government into a whole as that he should have emphasized the changeability of the picture he drew. He was not to be deceived by the pathetic medievalism of Blackstone. He drew not a courtier's portrait but that of an artist desirous of understanding the hidden depths of his subject's personality. If in the result her majesty Queen Victoria appears as a distinguished widow in retirement, the loss in theory is a gain in truth. If the admirer of an hereditary chamber is scathingly bidden examine it, that only makes possible its ultimate reform. If the worshipper of the American Constitution learns something of its patent vices, the shock will but result in constructive inspiration. That, indeed, was one of the most valuable features of Bagehot's mind. Every study he made resulted in something very like revelation. If he overthrew preconceived notions with something of violence it was only to give you simultaneously a vision of a more fertile attitude. He brought the steady light of "real" analysis into a world of befogged legalism. He shattered once and for all the idea that God was especially present at the birth of the English constitution. He never, like Burke, "venerated where he was unable presently to comprehend." He saw that an attitude of thoughtless and unintelligent servitude to effete ideas is as bad as unrestrained and uninstructed power over them. That is why the steady constitutional reform of the past half-century is so largely traceable to his influence.

Not that Bagehot was free from defect in his political outlook. His confidence in men ceased—perhaps from professional bias—below that stratum in society where the privilege of a banking account begins. He had nothing of that heedless and instinctive generosity which in men like Lincoln and Cobden and Bright symbolized the essential morality of democratic endeavor. He wrote of the "lower orders" with all the hearty distaste of a rector's wife in an English cathedral town. Of their actual or even potential capacity he made entire abstraction. To him the workers were always uneducated and grasping. The extension of the franchise to them in 1867 seemed to him like bursting the natural dykes of social protection. And surely his advice to the Lords to make common cause with the plutocrats of the lower house implicitly enshrines the surprisingly ignorant belief that the desires of democracy are but the spoils of Belgravia. His general criticism, indeed, reads like that plethora of inept pamphleteering which in 1832 prophesied that doom was about to descend upon an England which had forsaken the way of the Lord. Here is the secret of the amazing misunderstanding of Lincoln which characterized all Bagehot's work. Nothing of Lincoln's singular majesty was perceived by him. For he was blinded by the conviction that a democracy, and particularly the American democracy, cannot choose its leaders, and he was therefore precluded on *a priori* grounds from the perception that Lincoln symbolized a final case against the fitful aristocracy of middle-class talent in which Bagehot put his trust. So that in the result he was partially blind to half the potential richness of political life. It is not beyond the mark to say that his every criticism of popular government needs a footnote of emphatic scepticism.

There were other sides to Bagehot's work which are too little known. In an age when literary criticism has become a technical profession it is perhaps dangerous to suggest that certain essays like those on the first Edinburgh reviewers, on Hartley Coleridge, on Shakespeare the Man, are little less than a genuine tonic; but this is very honestly and emphatically the case. For Bagehot understood that the one canon of such criticism is to have no canons. He told you what the man meant to him, what he would have told each of them at a dinner table when the chairs had been pushed back and the cigars lighted. His Shelley is the enthusiastic boy who showered down leaflets from the roof of the Dublin inn. His sketch of Clough makes you almost catch the smile, grimly weird, of that pool of silence. And when he turns from the literary to the political study he has even more valuable observation to contribute. The Gladstone he drew at close quarters in 1860 differs only in detail from the full-length portrait we see in perspective in Lord Morley's noble volumes. His study of Sir Robert Peel seems to one reader at least incomparably the truest portrait that has yet been painted. What he wrote of his father-in-law, Mr. James Wilson, will enable the curious student to understand better than a score of technical works the rationale of British rule in India. There exists no more profound discussion of the American Constitution in its relation to the Civil War than that which he contributed at its very outset. There is much not unworthy of Burke in his speculations on parliamentary reform. The series of editorials from the "Economist" are a vivid commentary on the quarter of the nineteenth century they cover; I venture to predict that when its ideal historian arrives there will be frequent reference to them in his footnotes. Certainly he will not otherwise be the ideal historian.

The great merit of Bagehot was his profound and abiding interest in men. This not even his gayest witchery can obscure. And for us this must be the real interest he possesses. Style, after all, is only of value so far as it reveals the core of meaning, and to that end Bagehot used his gift. We, like him, are above all interested in events because they are the deeds of men. They are the signposts of character; and the men they thus portray are those who under different names and guises in each age direct our civilization. What changes in each age is not so much desire as the efficiency with which we can make response to it. It is therefore above all a working political psychology of which we have need. Without it what answers we may make to our problems are like the efforts of sailors on uncharted seas. Than Bagehot the statesman could have no more admirable compass. He never fails to delight as he never fails to illuminate. *Nil tetigit quod non ornavit.*

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Puritanism Made Pleasurable

The Bent Twig, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 *net.*

THERE is a lovely air of happiness about this book of Mrs. Fisher's, it is so gaily resolute and hopeful and unafraid—and wise as well. It is the story of a young American girl whose beauty and intelligence give her much opportunity for experience, and it is written with real gusto. Mrs. Fisher seems to have no doubt about the usefulness for a girl of a spirit of enterprise, and to believe that the strength which comes when a sense of reality takes the place of pleasant imaginings is the beginning of happiness. The reader enjoys the gay bravery in this philosophy. He enjoys, too, the note the book has of surprise, not only about the pleasantness of the world, but also about many of its

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"little ways." It is a spectacle of life very fresh and undimmed.

Through the first half of the book, which is much the more direct and perhaps the deeper, the scene is laid in La Chance, a Middle Western town with a state university where Sylvia Marshall's father is professor of economics. He had come from Vermont, had been rich and worldly while a youth, had lost his fortune, had married a Vermont girl of farmer stock, and is living a life he feels as useful and satisfying in a town he can recognize as crude and provincial. Sylvia has a childhood that she vaguely feels her worldly and rich aunt is damning when she dubs it "idyllic." Later on as a student at the state university, Sylvia yields to youth's natural rebellious wish to feel and know for itself—she turns to people not liked by her parents and becomes engaged for a few hours to the favorite and most gilded youth in the community. He very quickly, however, shows a stupid brutishness to the girl, who runs away to the home which is "idyllic." She had been bent to incline toward the clean and the open.

Three years later her rich aunt takes her off, first to the Vermont village that is both a fashionable summer resort and the home of hardy intelligent farmers like her mother's people, and then to Paris into an American colony that imitates the Faubourg, as interpreted by Mr. James and Mrs. Wharton. Sylvia's development in these settings is freshly realized—the use she makes of her love for Felix Morrison, connoisseur and *raffiné*, who loves her but whose tastes demand great wealth; and her love for Austin Page which grows unnoticed till she too turns her back confidently on luxury, which may not be always harmful but which she knows she cannot bear unnarrowed and unhardened. The reader ends by asking whether as a matter of vicarious experience Sylvia's life is not made as significant, as important, as any of the numerous young Englishmen's lives the general reader has lived through lately—Young Earnest's—Michael Fane's—Jacob Stahl's—Peter Paragon's?

Mrs. Fisher's ardor for what it seems ungracious and unsympathetic to tag as plain living and high thinking, since her ardor so warms and colors it, gives perhaps a theme to her book that makes its interest almost too social. She has perhaps in her book created only two real characters whose interest is independent of our vivid interest in herself—the father and mother of Sylvia. These two are really "done"—they even suggest Sir Frank and Lady Jocelyn, perhaps the pleasantest parents in fiction! Her book is well built and is written clearly and forcibly, but one is never conscious of esthetic pleasure, except from Mr. and Mrs. Marshall. One's pleasure is in one's gratitude for Mrs. Fisher's fine, high-spirited democracy. Indeed one is led to ask if Mrs. Fisher does not seem as significant nowadays as Beresford and Cannan and the rest of them?

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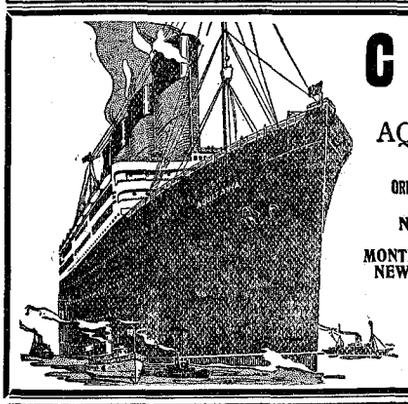

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